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BRITAIN AND AMERICA: AN ANXIOUS PHASE

IT gives the ironical measure of these convulsive times that, so soon after a war which has brought Great Britain and America closer together than ever before in their separate histories, one should have to speak of Anglo-American relations as passing into an anxious phase. But the fact is too palpable to be ignored, and of too much moment to both lands not to be discussed with a grave candor.

There have been manifestations in the past few weeks in the United States of a kind to fill the ordinary Briton with a pained bewilderment. He has seen his country caught up, he knows not quite how or why, in the manœuvres of American party politics. He has seen an apparent revival of that much-too-flattering suspiciousness of British diplomacy and its far-sighted cunning which used to prevail in the United States of the nineties. After doing everything in his power, and more than any other nation has done, to meet the American point of view in the Peace Conference, he finds his representatives accused by a considerable section of American opinion of using President Wilson as a screen behind whose shelter they are alleged to be pursuing purely British policies of aggrandizement. Our very support of the League of Nations is turned against us. The stale and often refuted calumny that we are using the postal censorship to promote British at the expense of American trade has of late been resurrected anew. The irritants of commercial rivalry in a time of universal unsettlement are being sedulously intensified. The many and real surrenders we have made for the sake of Allied harmony and the prospect of a saner world-order are either ignored, or belittled, or perverted into one more proof of our duplicity.

What we have gained from the war, on the other hand, in the form of territory or influence, is as constantly distorted to our detriment. Sober observers, experienced in the kaleidoscope of American affairs, report that the anti-British campaign was never more malevolently active than now. The Senate, by formal resolution, urges the Peace Conference to receive the Sinn Fein delegates and puts on record its support of the Irish Nationalist movement.

Small wonder that the average Englishman, unconscious of having given offense and anxious from the bottom of his heart to continue that full and friendly coöperation with the people and government of the United States

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which is the outstanding compensation of the war, watches these developments with a mystified despair. Is the aftermath of Armageddon, he is tempted to ask himself, in this, as in so many other directions, to bring to futility the noble spirit in which it was fought and won? Are Great Britain and America, a year ago brothers in arms and hopes and deeds, to drift into the old wretched whirlpool of misunderstanding and ill-will?

We see no ground whatever for any such tragic sequel. It can and shall be averted. Those who know America best feel the least uneasiness as to the future of Anglo-American relations. They are able to distinguish between the nine tenths in the present situation, which is ephemeral and factitious, and the one tenth which is genuinely disquieting; and the same distinction will presently become apparent to the great mass of our people, if they will only exercise patience, good temper, and perspective.

The plain truth of the matter is that Great Britain, because of the support she has accorded him before and since the armistice, is suffering from President Wilson's failure to carry his own countrymen with him. It is not so much Great Britain that is being struck at as Great Britain that is being used as a weapon with which to strike at Mr. Wilson. One must remember that the war and the scheme of the League of Nations have propounded questions that probe the very foundations of American policy, that the President has not perhaps done all that was possible to prepare the atmosphere for their discussion, and that nothing like a unanimous answer can be expected to them. On the contrary, the debates that are now going on at Washington recall the passion and bitterness of the decade before the Civil War. That the United States should throw overboard her traditional policies of aloofness and non-intervention, should entangle herself indefinitely in European affairs and run risks and shoulder responsibilities which are foreign to her whole history, seems to a great many Americans a programme of national suicide. They are out to defeat that proposal, to humiliate Mr. Wilson, to conserve what they sincerely believe to be the fundamentals of American security and happiness, by any means in their power. If they can persuade their fellow countrymen that the League of Nations is in reality a British plot to secure an American guaranty for the integrity of the British Empire, and that Mr. Wilson from first to last has been overreached by British diplomacy, they will have gained a great point.

Nine tenths of what seems to be hostility toward Great Britain is thus, in reality, the repercussion of American party politics upon the international situation and of the international situation upon American party politics. It signifies nothing deep or permanent. But the remaining one tenth is serious. Ireland again blocks the way, and until the Irish question is settled, it will be hopeless to expect that completeness of association between Great Britain and the United States, whether in sentiment or in policy, which the great majority of the people in both countries desire. Unhesitatingly we assert that the chief bar to Anglo-American amity and coöperation is Ireland. We have paid already, and in other parts of the world besides the United States, a heavy price for our failure to conciliate the mass of the Irish people. But the debt is not yet wiped out; there are larger installments still to be met. If the argument for settling the Irish question is more urgent than

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ever from the purely domestic standpoint, it is nothing less than imperative in the interests of British friendships and prestige abroad; and so long as it remains unsettled — and quite clearly it cannot now be disposed of on terms that might have been feasible before the war — there is one obstacle in the way of Anglo-American fellowship which is neither trivial nor temporary, and which we alone can remove.

The Observer, June 15

THE GERMAN COLLAPSE

[EDITORIAL NOTE. A controversy has long raged in Germany over the responsibility for the collapse of November last. A certain military clique maintains that the army fell because of a break in the civilian morale due, for the most part, to revolutionary intrigues; the civilian press, however, hotly denies this statement, and charges the High Command with having deluded the nation and led it to the abyss. The latest defender of Ludendorff and the staff is Colonel Bauer, late chief of the Artillery Department at General Headquarters. In the following paper, he discusses the attempts of the military to institute peace negotiations before the disaster; his intention, throughout, being to exonerate Ludendorff. Bauer's articles and pamphlets have profoundly stirred Germany. He has not remained unanswered. The second article printed here is a rejoinder from the columns of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.]

1. *A Defense of Ludendorff and the High Command*

ALREADY on August 13, that is to say, as soon as he had received the reports regarding the inglorious 8th of August, Ludendorff summoned the Chancellor and Herr von Hintze to a conference and made them a clear statement as to the military situation. On August 14 another conference took place at which the Kaiser presided. The Chief Army Command emphasized the necessity of a speedy conclusion of peace, as we were then still strong, but must count upon the military situation becoming worse. Herr von Hintze again promised to make a move for peace. During the whole of September the Chief Army Command anxiously awaited the fruits of the Foreign Office's supposed activities. Four weeks having elapsed without any result, Ludendorff resolved on September 28, 1918, in agreement with all the departmental heads of the *Op.-Abt.*, to propose to the Field-Marshal that the time had come to request the government immediately to set on foot peace negotiations, and with this end in view to propose an armistice to the Entente. The Field-Marshal agreed.

On September 29, von Hintze and Count Roedern, of the Imperial Treasury, were summoned to G.H.Q., at Spa. From the statements of Ludendorff during a discussion with the Foreign Secretary, it appeared that von Hintze had drawn a very melancholy picture of the internal political situation; he described the revolution as imminent and proposed immediate reconstruction of the government.

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This being confirmed, the military situation and the demand for a peace move were discussed. Thereupon, the Foreign Secretary declared that a peace offer could only be made by the new government which must have the confidence of the whole nation. The old government was compromised at home and abroad; it was considered untruthful and insincere. Herr von Hintze thought a new government could be formed by October 1.

The Kaiser then commissioned Count Roedern to take immediate steps for the formation of a new government in Berlin, and the Chief Army Command pressed for a speedy formation of the new government. The Foreign Secretary consented, anticipating no special difficulties. The activities of the Imperial Chancellor, who arrived at Spa on September 29, then ceased. On the evening of September 29 a representative of the Chief Army Command was ordered to accompany the two Secretaries of State to Berlin in order, if so desired, to inform the leading members of the Reichstag as to the military situation. On the journey this representative had long conversations with both gentlemen and told them what he intended should be the substance of his statements. On September 30 he was in the Reichstag, but was not questioned.

On October 1 General Ludendorff, who had received news from Berlin as to the slow progress of the formation of the Cabinet, appealed to his representative to try to induce the Vice-Chancellor von Payer to make a speedy peace offer, saying, 'The Chief Army Command having taken this decision, it must insist upon there being no loss of time.' To the representative's excuse that the formation of the government would take a certain amount of time, he replied, 'Then we must press for speed and unity on the part of the gentlemen in Berlin.'

The representative delivered his message to Vice-Chancellor von Payer who promised to do all in his power in the matter. But he again drew attention to the many difficulties, above all that there was no one to sign the peace offer. He considered his own signature to be useless. The new Imperial Chancellor had not yet been appointed and it was also uncertain as to whether he would be successful in forming a new Cabinet. The representative was to see whether the Chief Army Command would not agree to delay the peace offer.

The inquiry being made by Ludendorff, the following telegram was sent from Spa:

Main Headquarters
October 1, 1918, 1.30 P.M.

To Major Frhr. v. d. Bussche,
for Vice-Chancellor v. Payer.

Provided that a guaranty can be given between 7 and 8 o'clock this evening that Prince Max of Baden is forming the government, then I agree to postponement until to-morrow morning.

Should there, however, be any doubt about the formation of the government, I must insist that the declaration be made known to the foreign powers to-night.

(Signed) v. HINDENBURG.

Made known to His Excellency v. Payer on October 1, 2 P.M.,

(Signed) FRHR. V. D. BUSSCHE.

Only this telegram could be regarded as ground for the assertion that the Chief Army Command had demanded the publication of the peace offer within twenty-four hours. There was not a word in it that warranted the statement — so diligently passed on in Berlin — that a collapse of the Western Front was imminent within the next few days; its object was solely to bring pressure to bear upon the ministers and party men to sink their own and party wishes and to bow to the great interests of the army and the fatherland.

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These statements burden the then government (particularly the Foreign Office) with the heavy reproach of having during a month and a half done nothing on the way to peace at a time when the military situation was likely to become worse. This neglect would appear to be all the worse, as it was von Hintze, according to Colonel Bauer, who took such a very gloomy view of the internal political situation. Strong pressure of the Chief Army Command then led to a dramatic accentuation of the situation, to a change of Chancellor, to government reconstruction. From Colonel Bauer's statement, the members of the government appear to be men who could not come to a decision, and who had to be driven to every step. Telephonic conversations, a statement made by a General Staff Officer specially sent, and telegrams follow one another, until a short period of grace forces them to action. Thus does Colonel Bauer interpret the telegram, which in many quarters signified a sudden cry of alarm from the Chief Army Command, but is here represented as the last link in a long chain.

Nothing was done within the time limit, as an exchange of ideas ensued between von Payer and the Field-Marshal as to the consequences of the peace offer:

Berlin, October 3, 1918.

Before coming to any decision as to a peace move, I would request Your Excellency to answer the following questions:

1. How long can the army hold the enemy the other side of the German frontiers?

2. Must the Chief Army Command expect a collapse, and if so, when? Would a collapse denote the end of our military forces of resistance?

3. Is the military situation so critical that action should immediately be taken to bring about an armistice and peace?

4. In the event of your reply to question three being in the affirmative, is the Chief Army Command aware that a peace move, under pressure of the critical military situation, may lead to the loss of German territory, namely, Alsace-Lorraine and the purely Polish districts of the Eastern provinces?

5. Does the Chief Army Command agree to the dispatch of the enclosed draft Note?

I should be grateful to Your Excellency for an immediate reply.

(Signed) PAYER,
Representative Imperial Chancellor.

At a meeting on October 3 the Field-Marshal made the following verbal reply to this communication:

1. The question cannot be answered in exactly the same form in which it is put. The holding of the front depends on many factors, among others, on the resources and ability of the enemy to continue his attacks, and on the duration of our power of resistance.

At present the German army is standing firm. It will withdraw from sectors if forced, clinging toughly to enemy soil. The duration of such withdrawals cannot be determined beforehand. But it is to be hoped that they may protect German soil until next spring.

2. Answer to question 1 applies to this question. I do not believe that there will be any general collapse. As long as valuable reserves are at hand, the yielding of the front consequent on enemy breaks through need not have such a result.

3. This question is answered by my communication of October 3 to the Imperial Chancellor.

4. Unless things should change, the Chief Army Command will take into consideration the surrender of small, French-speaking portions of Alsace-Lorraine. For it there is no question of the cession of German territory in the East.

5. Draft Note was advised, but not enclosed.

Vossiche Zeitung, June 1

II. *The Truth of the Matter: An Answer to Colonel Bauer*

'THAT in the case of such overwhelming disaster we look round for scape-goats, is as inevitable as our inclination to shift any blame from ourselves, and to lay it on the shoulders of others.' This sentence is taken from

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one of the numerous publications written by Colonel Bauer. It provides once more the *leitmotiv* of the innumerable tendentious writings of the militarists, both in uniform and mufti, which have been scattered broadcast among our tortured people during the last few weeks of racking suspense. It is a severe penalty for the failure of Scheidemann's dilatory government to furnish our people with official material relating to the ultimate cause of our military and political collapse. With the same lack of scruple which we learned to know in the days of the throttling censorship, and intellectual corruption among the military politicians, the attempt is again being made to poison the minds of our people with biased and tendentious disclosures. He who has ears to hear must realize with dismay how confusion is increasing under such circumstances. It would be a crime against the future to sit still and allow these attempts to have their effect.

The threads of these efforts to mislead public opinion are in the same hands which, during the war, planned the methods of which the militaristic ideas of our whole nation were influenced. The means adopted are the same. The small circle of 'selected' journalists and busy politicians, which, under the spiritual ægis of the military press bureau, joined year in, year out, in one long panegyric of our omniscient Chief Army Command; which took good care that Ludendorff was mentioned as much, and Hindenburg as little as possible, and when political decisions were about to be made, put forth threats of Ludendorff's resignation in order to terrorize the Kaiser and his political advisers—this circle is again to the fore with its instruction classes; and it makes no difference that in the meantime some of its members have developed into supporters of the Soviet system. Respect for the General Staff is as deeply ingrained in these individuals as in the days when it served their purpose, both for personal and for political reasons, to write to the dictation of the half-gods. But these people are doubtless acting in good faith, quite unconscious of the fact that their spiritual sponsors are endeavoring to 'shirk the blame attaching to themselves and to shift it to the shoulders of others.' One of the most active of these individuals is Colonel Bauer. Anyone who thrusts himself into the limelight of publicity must reckon on exhaustive criticism. Who is this Colonel Bauer who is endeavoring by means of his pamphlets and newspaper articles to influence public opinion in favor of the Chief Army Command? Until the outbreak of war he was not known to anyone outside the narrow limits of his profession. Ludendorff made him Chief of the Artillery Department at G.H.Q. The position, however, did not actually define his activities. He was far more than Chief of the Artillery Department and wished to be still more. Endlessly energetic and active, he increased his sphere of action. The fulfillment of the Hindenburg programme which the Finance Minister, Schiffer, described as a programme of catastrophe, was, so far as the Supreme Council was concerned, in his hands. He was the middleman between the steel industry and G.H.Q. He acted in Ludendorff's name, as the latter did not himself appear in the matter, although, by means of his henchmen, he was always in the picture far more than this political-reactionary and economically selfish group cared for. The head of the fateful political side of G.H.Q. was General von Bartenwerffer, but Ludendorff's real political adviser was Colonel Bauer, who not only kept in constant touch with Stinnes and Duis-

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burg, with Count Westarp and Herr Stresemann by letter and telephone, but also personally conveyed the wishes of these gentlemen to Ludendorff and *vice versa*. Colonel Bauer was in Berlin on the occasion of every critical Parliamentary situation, pushing his puppets into the Parliamentary arena. Herr Stresemann himself can testify best how many of his worthless prophecies were inspired by Colonel Bauer. In the days when our front was already wobbling, when the initiative had long since passed into the enemy's hands, and when on August 8 a whole German army had been heavily defeated, Ludendorff's illusions were being poured into the ears of the simple souls whom he had gradually gathered into his toils.

Ludendorff, however, owes it to Colonel Bauer that he was kept in ignorance of the real state of public feeling at home, both among the working classes and in the country generally right up to the time of the collapse. Bauer was a past master in the art of telling everyone just what they wanted to hear, and also in keeping back from G.H.Q. anything he did not wish them to know. Falkenhayn, who understood far more of politics than Ludendorff, has been reported by military men who afterwards came into power, for having surrounded himself with representatives of one side only. That reproach applies perhaps still more to Ludendorff's associates. At least he was only surrounded by creatures who withheld the truth from him, and who only reported to their master what they knew would meet with his approval. Colonel Bauer was at the head of these creatures with his boon companions, Lieutenant-Colonel Nicolai, whose expert intelligence, or rather spy service, was constantly used against his own associates, both by fair means and foul, but was of no use when it came to gaining an approximate idea of the state of affairs in the enemy's sphere of action, either with regard to the submarine warfare, Foch's reserves, or the landing of American troops.

This Colonel Bauer, who has had his fingers in every political pie, the fall of Bethmann and Kühlmann, the deportation of Belgians for the German munition works (a deed which can never be justified at the bar of history), the Prussian franchise, and the Berlin strike of 1917, the vote for unrestricted U-boat warfare, and the agitation against the Peace Resolution of the Reichstag — this man now undertakes the task, in two pamphlets and several exhaustive newspaper articles, of removing all blame from G.H.Q. and making the homeland and the temporary civil government answerable for our military collapse as well as for our political downfall. If it is possible to hush up a military mistake, he trots out the faint hearts at home, who, influenced by the defeatist majority and that section of the press not under military influence, failed to uphold the men at the front. But in spite of his skilled dialectic, in spite of his striking aptitude for glossing over the weak spots of the military leadership, both his books are extremely illuminating to any critical reader. For they clearly reveal the military causes of our collapse, despite the author's desire to prove the exact opposite. His first book, which is issued by the Scherl publishing firm, is entitled *Could We Have Avoided or Stopped the War?* The first question we may set aside in a critical discussion, but Colonel Bauer treats it in an astonishingly superficial manner. By so doing he shows all that arrogance which was recognizable before the catastrophe in certain military circles regarding all political questions. The

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question whether we could have won the war he answers in the affirmative, if only those at home had continued to hold out. The possibility of breaking off the unequal struggle when it would have been possible to do so, on the ground of a just peace, he rejects absolutely. The main theme of his writings concerns the causes of the military collapse. We will, therefore, discuss the matter exhaustively.

In August, 1914, our army, in accordance with the so-called Schlieffen plan, had passed through Belgium and attacked Northern France on a wide front. It was soon obvious that von Kluck's turning wing was too weak, and that the reserve army, which should have supported the right wing, was not there. The inferior intelligences which were responsible for the trench literature, which was considered one of the surest means for the strengthening of the morale at the front, attributed the failure to the old Reichstag. Colonel Bauer is rather more careful; he merely asserts that the former War Minister, von Heeringen, had not asked for sufficient troops, through fear of the Reichstag, and that Ludendorff, as the father of this army bill, had asked for three army corps. Anyone who remembers the discussion on this bill knows that it was in the first place a matter of defensive measures to counter the Russian military preparations, and that the West in comparison played an insignificant part. We may also remember that the Reichstag at that time had readily granted all that had been asked for, even to the disputed cavalry divisions. The opposition of the Left to the latter grant was amply vindicated during the war, and even Ludendorff came at last to set very little value on the use of cavalry; indeed, so far as the course of the March offensive is concerned, perhaps too little, in the opinion of many military men. The Reichstag, therefore, is exculpated on that score, and every thinking person must confess that if we had increased our forces our enemies would have done the same immediately. The only question to be discussed is whether the available forces were used to the best advantage. And Colonel Bauer himself must acknowledge that not so much the lack of the three army corps alluded to as the ill-judged distribution of the formations, led to the tragedy of the Marne. He writes as follows: 'Now these army corps were not there, but their lack might have been made up, had the left wing kept strictly to the defensive, and the troops which could have been spared by so doing dispatched to the aid of the right wing. Instead of which, the Sixth Army bled to death in fruitless combat, maintaining neither the offensive nor defensive, on the Moselle, south of Toul, while the French withdrew their forces toward Paris. In addition, two German corps had been sent to the East after the fall of Namur.

'The absence of these corps made all the difference in the West, while they could have been dispensed with in the East, after Hindenburg's and Ludendorff's victory at Tannenberg had done away with any immediate Russian menace.' We see, therefore, that it was owing to grave defects in the military leadership that victory was snatched from us in the first phase of the war, defects which may largely be put down to the command of the troops by Royal army leaders, who were thinking more of their own glory than of obeying the orders of the Central Command. Perhaps this check to our great offensive, which had been planned to overthrow France in the brief space of a few weeks, led to our ultimate *débâcle*. It might have been possible

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to avoid a complete defeat had we stopped the war earlier. There have been men of intelligence who held this view, and, according to the notes of his adjutant, Rittmeister Rechberg, the veteran General Field-Marshal von Haeseler uttered on September 29, 1914, the memorable words which have unfortunately come true: 'I do not think that we shall be able to gain further decisive successes on the Western Front for a long time to come, now that we must reckon on trench warfare as an absolute fact. In Russia, too, we shall be unable to attain any great successes. It seems to me, therefore, that the time has come when we should make an effort to put an end to the war.'

When these words were spoken Germany was united; she knew nothing as yet of the fatal turn in events, for our official reports never, unfortunately, published the full truth. Those at home were not to blame for the lack of ammunition suffered by all our troops on the various fronts for months together, as they were kept in the dark by the military men responsible for the supply of munitions demanded by modern warfare. Ludendorff's henchman passes lightly over the Falkenhayn period, and his criticism of the methods of the Verdun offensive, the advance against Russia, the Serbian campaign, and the adherence to the superannuated and wasteful methods of waging war in the West, is somewhat reserved. We may criticize Falkenhayn's strategic methods adversely, but he recognized the fact that 'Germany should make no more enemies; she has enough to do to fight those already existing.' Falkenhayn would never have agreed to unrestricted submarine warfare, because he foresaw clearly that America and probably other neutrals also, would regard it as a *casus belli*. Hindenburg and Ludendorff thought otherwise. After they had succeeded in urging the nation to the greatest efforts in the output of munitions, etc., and to the carrying out of the so-called Hindenburg programme, by means of almost unbearable pressure, they decided on unrestricted submarine warfare, an act which brought America into the ranks of our enemies, and robbed us of the last remnant of sympathy from neutral nations. They insisted on it, knowing full well that the result would be that President Wilson would declare war, because they considered that the advantages to be gained outweighed the disadvantages involved by America's entry into the arena. They insisted, in spite of the opposition of all their political advisers, especially Bethmann-Hollweg, who opposed it up to the last, and the decision was finally made over his head. The eventual disillusionment may have hit them hardest after all, for none of their prophecies and promises concerning the starving of England, the cutting off of the supply of munitions, and the landing of American troops were fulfilled. Even to-day, words spoken by one of the captains who influenced public opinion in the matter of unrestricted submarine warfare ring in our ears: 'If the Americans succeed in bringing over 50,000 men they will be lucky.'

In this wanton way they set to work, and then people wonder that the opinion of the masses, as they gradually realized the terrible position in which they had been placed, changed completely. They no longer placed any reliance on the figures given out of the tonnage sunk, and listened with surprise to the stories of the Flanders battles told by the men on leave from the front, and of the constant increase of munitions on the enemy side despite the boasted U-boat successes.

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They learned with amazement that the enemy were well clad and amply provided with food, and that the Americans were arriving to take the place of French labor battalions, so that men capable of fighting might be released for service at the front from the ports, the lines of communication, and from various industrial callings.

Colonel Bauer clearly expresses the disappointment felt over the U-boat failure, and considers that the High Command should be accounted answerable for that failure. 'The hopes of the people had been exaggerated, as successes had been prophesied which it was impossible to fulfill.' 'In five months England will be starving.' 'America would not send over troops, and in any case she would not be able to feed them,' etc. He speaks of the 'apodictic' opinions of our public speakers, meaning thereby his friend Stresemann. He considers that the submarine warfare had a most unfavorable political influence. It called down upon Germany the hatred of the whole world. When G.H.Q. realized the complete fiasco, it was too late. The American landing of troops was in full swing, and may have helped to turn the scale when the decision was taken for the March offensive, as the numerical proportion on the Western Front was increasingly unsatisfactory for us. On March 21, 1918, the last phase of this world war set in. The surprise was at first successful, but the strategic aim, that of forcing a break-through, was not attained, and while at home the hopes of the people, misinformed as they were, were constantly stimulated, ultimate failure was already recognized at G.H.Q. 'The most northerly of the three armies engaged was held up twenty kilometres from Amiens, because the troops were losing energy; supplies and reinforcements were lacking, and the enemy had had time to make a stand and obtain reinforcements.' If our military men had not had their heads stuffed with Napoleonic ideas; if, at a time when all depended on our operations in the West, they had not set off on a wild goose chase in the East, our forces might have sufficed. If the final decision was to be reached in the West, we should have withdrawn all our troops down to the last man from the East; we should not have allowed excellent soldiers to fight in Finland to bolster up a Hohenzollern dynasty; neither should we have engaged troops indispensable in the West in adventurous operations on the Black Sea and in the Caucasus. The complete failure of the attempt to set our offensive in motion once more, by a strong attack on both sides of Arras, Colonel Bauer ignores, just as the German Army report preferred to do. It was, however, a warning which should have been heeded. The same may be said of the failure of the great attack on the plain of the Lys, on April 9, which, although it gained the Kemmel,' attained no strategic end, and cost a Bavarian royal leader his place. 'The offensive on the Aisne was also a failure in spite of the gain of considerable territory and despite the brilliant conduct of our troops. The railway junction at Rheims had not fallen and the railway system in the Marne sector was not favorable for us.' In another place he says, 'Both offensives had cost us dear, and the troops were thoroughly exhausted.' Men of high military standing at that time desired the cessation of the operations, and advocated withdrawal to the original positions. But Ludendorff and his advisers committed the blunders, for which they had blamed Falkenhayn during the Verdun offensive, of not confessing their failure to the country, and of driving on their weary troops.

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Those at home knew very well from the men on leave how things stood at the front, and that victory was out of the question. Kühlmann rightly interpreted the feeling at home when he said that the war was not to be ended by purely military decisions. Its fall was caused by the military clique, just as the fall of Bethmann and Valentini had been caused, and the army was prepared for its third offensive on both sides of Rheims. Colonel Bauer describes the state of our troops at that time. 'The army was worn out; the majority of the subordinate leaders (captains, lieutenants, and N.C.O.'s) had been either killed or wounded, as had also a large proportion of the best troops. The lack of officers and N.C.O 's made itself felt to our great disadvantage. Reserves were giving out, and the fresh troops which had been brought to the front had been infected with Socialist and Bolshevist ideas and were of no real use against the enemy. The latter, on the other hand, had been enormously strengthened by American troops, who, although not especially well trained, were brave and fought with considerable *élan*.

The attack failed. 'It was the first great disaster, and the real turning point of the war.' In this remark Ludendorff's advocate gives his master away.

For the latter, after his return to Germany in his first interview, stated that at the commencement of the German break-through on August 8, 1918, 'a couple of German divisions failed to face the Anglo-French attack east of Amiens.' On July 15, on both sides of Rheims, the Germans suffered the most severe reverse, because both the reconnaissance and intelligence service failed completely, and immediately after, on July 19, a second reverse followed before the woods of Villers-Cotterets, where General Foch had assembled his huge reserves for the counter-attack, the very reserves, which, according to the lying military reports spread over Germany, should have been exhausted long since by our two first offensives.

Bauer says: 'Wörst of all was the fact that Soissons was now immediately threatened. After the fall of Soissons the railway line in the Marne sector became untenable (as we did not hold Rheims), and the only thing left for us was to evacuate it. Unfortunately the great Franco-English attack on, and break into, our second army followed on August 8, when the tanks played a prominent part.' (Colonel Bauer was so busy with political well-poisoning that he apparently had no time to see to the provision of adequate means of defense–against the tanks.)

Could anyone confess more openly that the great offensive in the West had ended in a military *débâcle?* Colonel Bauer has himself testified that our troops were worn out, that the best forces had been used up in the initial bloody battles, and that the supply of reserves had come to an end. This enfeebled army had now been continuously exposed to the enemy's attack for months together, as the latter had the initiative in their own hands. Who can wonder that the morale of the army suffered? Stupid reconnaissance officers, who hardly ever troubled to understand the spirit of the troops, had prophesied a great victory which would speedily put an end to the war; now all his promises were discounted by the way in which the American troops had been underestimated, by the wrong computations of the enemy reserves, and by the defective leadership in the great gamble. In front of Rheims and the woods of Villers-Cotterets the last glimmer of

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hope of the German Army for Ludendorff's victory and Ludendorff's peace died out, and the remnant of courage possessed by the troops gradually went to pieces in the bloody battles of the retreat which followed, in which the divisions were exhausted and the last reserves used up. Anyone wishful to discover the feelings of our field-grays in those days should read the little pamphlet by Karl Vetter, 'Ludendorff Is to Blame' (published by Koch and Jürgens, Berlin). As to the country itself, which Colonel Bauer blames entirely for having undermined the morale of the troops, and for having failed to send sufficient reserves to the front, no one can deny that systematic efforts were being made to subvert the discipline of our troops at the front, since certain leaders of the Independent party have openly boasted of the fact. These men had been infected with Russian virus and bought with Russian gold, but the country as a whole was totally unaffected. So long as the soldiers had confidence in their leaders and believed in the promised speedy victory, these efforts met with no success. Only when the army realized that it had been deceived, when no propaganda could suppress the facts of our severe defeats, did the morale of the troops disappear and discipline slacken. At home the sins of the past were being avenged. For many years a false optimism had prevailed. Every disaster had been hushed up, or twisted into a success. Each season complete victory had been promised, a victory which would assure our material well-being and the increase of our territory. The unrestricted submarine warfare was to force England to her knees by the autumn of 1917 at the latest. The great 'Kaiser' battle in the West was to bring France under our yoke and cast the English and Americans into the sea. Long after the offensive had been shattered, when we had suffered defeat after defeat, the military deceivers of the people rushed up and down the country, in accordance with Lieutenant-Colonel Nicolai's express instructions, proclaiming that victory was imminent. The terrible awakening came as a thunder-clap. Bulgaria seceded, as soon as all hope of victory had disappeared. Hungary and Austria followed suit and Turkey collapsed. How could a people endure such blows whose thoughts during the whole war had been set solely on selfish materialism? The dreadful realization permeated the country, 'We are betrayed.' The daily army reports, which were still scandalously hushing up our continuous defeats, were not calculated to raise the public spirits. All confidence at the front and at home had vanished. The half-gods had been stripped of their glamour. After this moral collapse, for which the military leaders were alone responsible, there was no longer any hope of a rally. The reserves which should have filled the gaps at the front were completely lacking.

Much earlier than July, 1918, when the fortune of war had already turned, our supply of reserves was most unsatisfactory. Had the High Command no knowledge of this fact? Did not the reports of the leaders at the front reach the card tables of G.H.Q.? Did they never hear the warnings from the front and the admonitions of the *Kriegsministerium*. Did not Colonel Bauer realize that immediately before the beginning of the great March offensive one of the principal leaders of the army groups earnestly pointed out the difficulties with regard to reserves, and asked whether, under the circumstances, it would be wise, or even possible, to take the risk of a big attack? After America with her masses of men entered the arena, every clear thinker

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realized that we must be beaten by sheer numbers. The attacking battles in the spring of 1918 had completely exhausted the supplies which had poured into the ranks since 1914. Victory had been too much for the German nation. An officer of high rank bears testimony in the *Militär-wochenblatt* to the real cause of our collapse: 'Our defeat has been so complete because the forces of the Central Powers have been overtaxed and completely exhausted by the pursuit of unattainable military and political aims.'

The Frankfurter Zeitung, June 8

CHINA AND THE SHANTUNG SETTLEMENT

BY LIANG CHI-CHAO

Few people in Europe realize how momentous was the decision taken by the Council of Three in favor of Japan on the Shantung question. Without exaggeration, we say that it exceeds in importance all the other territorial adjustments made by the Conference, because of the area and population affected. No well-informed man can have any doubt that it will profoundly modify the history of the Asiatic continent, if not that of the whole world.

It is unnecessary to emphasize the justice of China's demands: they have never been seriously questioned even by the Japanese. Everybody admits that the territory of Kiaochau is in every sense purely Chinese; that the occupation by the Germans in 1898 was an act of violence; that by entering into the war on the side of the Allies, China nullified all her treaties with Germany; and that the so-called agreements between Japan and China were forced upon the latter by threats of war. But Japan is strong and China is weak; it is much easier to sacrifice the latter than to offend the former. Great Britain and France were bound by a secret treaty to support Japan, and President Wilson could not sacrifice his League of Nations, which would have been put in danger by the threatened withdrawal of Japan. There we have the whole story. Some people believe that in supporting the claims of the Japanese Great Britain must have decided upon a new foreign policy, which may have its ultimate object in diverting America's attention to the Pacific Ocean. Events will show the correctness of this view, which need not concern us here. Let us simply consider the necessary consequences of the decision taken.

The American *communiqué* said that Japan was to obtain all the rights formerly belonging to Germany, only as an economic *concessionnaire*, and that Japan voluntarily engaged to hand back the Shantung Peninsula in full sovereignty to China. Let us see how far are these statements from the truth. According to the same *communiqué*, Japan will have the right to establish a settlement in Tsingtau, the only port in Kiaochau, and to maintain a special police along the railway. In a country where the Japanese enjoy

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extra-territorial rights, it means that the piece of territory beginning from the settlement where the railway starts and ending at the terminus, which is at present at Tsinan, the capital of the province, becomes virtually Japanese territory. It is true that many of these rights were possessed by the Germans; but then, Germany is thousands of miles away from China, and has many other interests to consider, while Japan is at our very door and can afford to give us all her unwelcome attention.

It will be easy for our French friends to understand if we take an imaginary case as an example. Suppose Alsace-Lorraine were Japanese possessions. That would not diminish France's desire to regain her lost territory, but, obviously, it would not have the same political danger as the German occupation.

In fact, Shantung will become a second Manchuria, and, strategically, Northern China will be at the mercy of Japan; for from Tsingtau Japanese troops can reach Peking within twenty-four hours, and in less than half that time the trunk lines connecting the capital with the Yangtze Valley can be cut. Peking will be firmly grasped in a pair of Japanese pincers — Manchuria in the north and Shantung in the south.

Let us see the economic side. Japan, in spite of her organization, is a country without resources; she has only a few small coal fields, already rapidly becoming worked out, and practically no iron ore. Nothing made her realize her impotency more than when America prohibited the export of steel on entering the war. In recent years great efforts have been made to secure her needs at the expense of China. She had obtained already two big coal fields and a considerable iron deposit at the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War. By presenting to China an ultimatum in 1915, she extorted from us one of the largest iron deposits, that of Anshan, on the South Manchurian Railway. She controls also some 450,000,000 tons of high-grade ore in the Yangtze Valley. But the Manchurian ores are mostly low-grade magnetite, partly unworkable, and the coal can be used only to a small extent for metallurgical purposes. Again, she possesses no coal field near enough to be employed for the smelting of the Yangtze iron ores.

The Peace Conference has given her 340,000,000 tons more of hematite ore and more than one billion tons of good coal, all near the railway, the extension of which will traverse three big coal fields containing billions of tons of coking coal within economic distance of the Yangtze Valley. Thus, as the result of the Paris Conference, Japanese monopoly of Chinese iron industry has been assured. The export of Chinese iron ore to Japan has been of extraordinarily rapid growth; before 1912 it was negligible, but it will probably reach a million tons in 1920. With the enormous advantages just acquired she will be able to increase this supply four to five times within the next ten years. Those who know the ambitions of Japan can hardly doubt that when she can build as many ships with her own steel as she likes, Japan will assume a different attitude toward such questions as racial equality, and Great Britain may have reasons to think differently of the value of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance as the means of safeguarding India.

So much for the material side. But the Japanese victory is by no means confined to it. What Japan has been striving for during the last few years is that she should be recognized by the powers as the only spokesman of

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Eastern Asia. The famous twenty-one demands, the Lansing–Ishii Agreement, as well as the recent agreements with China, all point to the same effort to realize what is known as the Japanese equivalent of the Monroe Doctrine. Here, in a treaty to be signed by practically all the powers of the world, Japan is allowed to act as an arbitrator between China and Germany. Kiaochau, a piece of Chinese territory, is to be restored to China, not directly by Germany, with whom China is also at war, but through the hands of Japan. Thus a diplomatic precedent is created, the importance of which is hard to exaggerate.

What is China going to do? Now, in order to understand the psychology of the Chinese people at the present moment it is necessary to remember what happened during the war. During the decade before 1914 China had been comparatively free from direct military aggression. But the world-war upset the balance of power, and Japan at once took the advantage. She showed her hand first of all by preventing China from entering the war in 1914. Then came the twenty-one demands and the subsequent ultimatum. The undisguised aid given to the Manchurian brigands in Shantung, and the Chungchiatung incident were but part of the same scheme. Every time the Chinese Government yielded against unmistakable public opinion; but the people remained calm, because they were told each time that their case would receive a just hearing at the Peace Conference. As the struggle became more and more intense, the utterances of the European statesmen maintaining that the war was a war of right against might, and the high-sounding idealism of President Wilson, attracted widespread attention and roused our national aspirations. The sympathy of the Allied diplomatic agents all over China, often openly expressed, encouraged us still more.

Rightly or wrongly, therefore, the Chinese people believed seriously that the downfall of Germany meant also the end of militarism all the world over, and the Peace Conference a unique opportunity for redressing our wrongs. Convinced of the justice of their cause and confident of the sympathy of the Allied Powers, they put their case plainly before the Paris Conference. How thoroughly they have been disappointed is tragic history.

Now, the Shantung question is not one of *amour propre* for China. To her it is a matter of life and death. To allow Japan to remain in that province means to give away China's political and economic independence. Can anyone blame her if she becomes desperate in the agony of her soul? After all, it is better to die heroically than to drag on an ignominious existence. China is very weak, nay, almost defenseless, but she is not without a soul. Her people are afraid of neither death nor invasion, of which none has yet succeeded in destroying her nationality or her civilization. If she must submit to a foreign yoke, she will not do so without a struggle. Her only crime has been her weakness and her belief in international justice after the war. If, driven to desperation, she attempts something hopeless, those who have helped to decide her fate cannot escape a part of the responsibility.

The Manchester Guardian, June 16

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ON READING ALOUD

To be able to read aloud well is a great accomplishment, though one which of late years has been undervalued. In the days when women spent a good deal of time by the fire, and took pleasure in needlework, reading and working and tea filled a pleasant afternoon. Many mothers read systematically every day to their children, and not a few men either listened or read aloud in the evening when they had nothing better to do. Some of the latter, though they were ready readers, were impatient listeners. They wanted to get on faster, they said, and the more the book interested them, the more they longed to take it out of the reader's hands. They were occasionally persons of dramatic gift, and perhaps their critical faculty as well as their impatience unfitted them for the part of audience. Generally speaking, however, women read the best, and scores of people remember now with peculiar vividness and pleasure the novels and the poetry which their mothers read to them in their teens. They preserve a delightful recollection of Scott, Thackeray, the Brontës, and Disraeli, even though they may confess that they never now take them down from the shelves. No one, we would remark by way of parenthesis, 'preserves a recollection' of Miss Austen. We believe she is the only great English writer of whom it might be said that no one ever read her with any appreciation and read her only once. Her lovers read her 'at intervals' all their lives.

But to go back to the art of reading aloud. The first essential is a pleasant voice. We have, however, known readers who fancied their own reading, and who possessed no other qualification. The effect was monotonous, and even soporific. We should say that the two most difficult things to read really well are the newspaper and the Bible. The easiest thing to read is, of course, fiction. Poetry is difficult. Philosophy and other studious stuff requires little besides intelligence and practice. In this case, the listener wants nothing but to know what is in the book, and not to be irritated by stumbling or confused by obvious incomprehension.

To begin with the newspaper. 'But who wants to hear it read?' demands someone. Alas! there are just now a good many men among us who want very much to hear it read. Braille is not very easy to learn; not many papers are published in it, and we gather it is far more wearisome to read with your fingers than to listen. A really good newspaper reader must read fast, read clearly, and know how to skip. He must not get angry and ruffled because he does not agree with what is said. The very bits which rouse him may be those which his hearer likes. No intelligent listener, however, likes padding. An eye for padding, for reiteration, for safeguard sentences, and for dullness generally, is better worth having than a good voice. This sort of reading should never be in the least dramatic. The only object of the reader should be to make the listener forget that he has not got the print before him, to avoid his instinctive comment of 'Oh, get on!' and to leave him familiar with the morning's news and not ignorant of 'the policy of the paper.' All this is not easily done. In fact, to read a newspaper well you need to have some education, a great interest in affairs, some self-control, much tolerance, no tendency to dawdle, and no unconquerable desire to argue.

It is strange that the reading of the Bible aloud in an acceptable manner should present—apparently—almost insuperable difficulties. It is written in the finest English of the finest period.

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It concerns subjects of universal and undying interest. It is endeared to every listener by tradition and recollection. But the evidence proves it hard to read well. Men specially interested in philosophy and religion, specially trained in Hebrew and Greek literature, specially anxious to bring the truths of Scripture home to their audience, read it for the most part in abominable fashion. We cannot insult them by supposing their weekly task an easy one. We cannot, on the other hand, deny that the Old and New Testaments offer great scope for fine reading. The task of the curate at the lectern is like the task of the executant before the piano. The one has great literature before him; the other great music. The audience waits for his interpretation. As a rule, with many and marked exceptions, the curate runs through his work in such a mechanical and uninterested manner as would empty a concert hall if imitated by his brother artist. He reads heroic passages as though they were dull, meditative passages of the highest inspiration as though they were parish notices, arguments as cut-and-dried snippets of dogmatism, and shrewd proverbs as sacred poetry. How can he like to seem so indifferent to the Book whence his creed and his ritual have been digged? Of course, he would say that he was not indifferent, that reverence for the sacred text as a whole forbids any effort to emphasize the secular beauty of its parts. The argument is not perhaps quite so silly as it sounds. The mind of man demands an act of worship. All such acts tend in time to become mechanical and superstitious. The Reformers thought to do away with such acts. They dreaded their degeneracy into mere hocus-pocus. Search the Scriptures, they urged, and away with crosses and candles, prostrations and bells and beads. At first men put their whole hearts and souls into the reading of the Bible. Then they began to read it as a duty; then as a sort of ritual. They minced it up into texts, and administered it to themselves and others in convenient form. Such superstition was the inevitable result of the doctrine of verbal inspiration. The doctrine is dead, but it remains enshrined in a custom, a custom endeared by laziness, ecclesiastical vanity, and self-conscious shyness. Half the men who read the Bible in church simply do not try to read well. However, it is easy to be over-critical. Sacred droning may be very dull, but it remains true that great literature should not be read aloud like little literature. Some reverence for its greatness should appear, and a colloquial tone may well be very offensive to an audience bound to its seats. The way to avoid that, however, is surely not to determine to destroy the sense. It is true that the whole congregation have Bibles and can read for themselves, but that is no reason why the lessons should be 'taken as read' and run through without the slightest apparent interest in order to give the people the rest of sitting down for a while. Even this method cannot make the reading of the Gospel of none effect, but it makes nonsense of whole chapters of the Epistles. A good many young people not brought up to reverence the Bible as their fathers did, come home from church declaring those chapters are nonsense. It is a terrible pity, even from a literary point of view, that countenance should be given to such ignorance. Take, for instance, the early chapters of the First Epistle to the Romans. Carelessly read, verse by verse, with pauses between the artificial divisions and no regard to the eager style and breathless parenthesis of the Apostle, and we defy the listener

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to make head or tail of them. If anyone will read them out aloud to himself, he will find an apology for natural religion of immense value to the preacher of modern Christianity. If he wants to give the whole sense to an audience, he will need to practise diligently, and remember that his success will depend very largely upon voice inflection; but surely if it is his official business to open St. Paul's mind to his hearers, the trouble should not be too great.

Light is often thrown upon obscure passages by reading them aloud. Modern critics seem to regard Browning as both clearer and less great than did those of the last generation. On the other hand, many of those who in their youth dilated upon his obscurity, deprecated the extravagant praise of him, and refused to read him have now revised their judgment. They say that while they do not always understand, they are constantly forced to admire. Let them cease hunting for allusions and try reading aloud. They will find the delightful passages longer and the jarring and dark ones infinitely less than they imagine as they glance down the page in search of gems.

Poetry ought, we believe, to be read aloud. Its original connection with song and with company demands its interpretation by the voice. Again, no one wants to be quick over poetry. Those who like it at all will listen to it in patience. How much value to give to the rhythm is, of course, the first question which the reader must put to himself. The present writer always listens with greatest pleasure to those who over-emphasize rather than underemphasize the rhyme. He knew, however, one most gifted reader who gave it no emphasis at all. He was a parson and a real lover of the poets, and it is undeniable that he read well; but one of his hearers at least was always distracted by the mental effort to preserve the music of the piece. The Victorians, led by Tennyson, went to the other extreme. Their poetry reading became a sort of chant. The intensity of their enjoyment of the words before them was evident, and did sometimes perhaps communicate itself to their hearers. From a distance the sound was most peculiar; indeed, it was irresistibly comic. Those not accustomed to hear it wondered what on earth the sounds portended — whether they came from a man or an animal, and witnessed to pleasure or distress. A self-conscious generation is not likely to follow their example. All the same, we think they erred upon the right lines. Poetry read to one's self may give full measure of pleasure to the really poetic. Some musical people find the greatest delight in reading a score. But the mass of the world wants to hear the sounds, not only mentally to interpret their indication. Lyrical poetry at least should be in some sense set to music, even if it be only the music of a good reading voice.

The Spectator

THE BI-CENTENARY OF ADDISON

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

He died on the 17th of June — just two hundred years ago. From his death-bed, a few days before, he had dedicated his complete works to his friend Craggs—'the Right Honorable James Craggs, Esq., His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State'—having taken characteristic pains to collect and leave them in order, but making no fuss over them or over his reputation.

'Dear Sir: I cannot wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship; and, there-

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fore, I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection. That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one [Tickell] whom, by the experience of some years, I know well qualified to insure my intentions.' That is all: thus quietly, with the addition of some personal good wishes, he chose to pass out. Men who knew him knew him for a good fellow, with that touch of priggishness which somehow, once it is understood, the more endears; sociable with it, fond of his pipe, and not averse from the bottle, but reticent always, and of a delicate dignity, even in his cups; given to blushing when his genius was commended publicly, but well aware of it in his quiet way. ('The greatest courtier in the land,' reports Harry Esmond, 'could not have had a more splendid politeness, or greater dignity of manner.')

He so ordered his life that it never became the prey of the biographer, tempting though its success must have been. In 1716, after a long courtship, he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick; and the marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, 'made no addition to his happiness.' A year later he was appointed Secretary of State, discovered himself unequal to his duties, and quietly resigned. Yet a year later, he engaged his old friend Steele in a vehement controversy over the new Peerage Bill. The bill, which Addison supported, was laid aside for one session and revived, only to be decisively beaten. He died, at Holland House, while the dispute was yet unsettled, and kept his contribution to it out of his works. In short, he lived and died a gentleman, and managed to provide that no one should vulgarize him on the further side of the grave.

The result has been that we pay him lip-homage yet. He has everything to recommend him to the schoolmaster. His life was so respectable that it needs no apology and can be taken for granted. Its subtleties — which, to any delicate student of civilized human nature are so much better worth study than (let us say) the raucous intimacies of Carlyle — can be ignored. Also he wrote essays; and we encourage our growing children to write essays. Why we should do anything so absurd, is a hard question, admitting of but one answer as foolish as it is satisfactory. An essay is, by supposition, brief, and costs little time to the schoolmaster or examiner who has to 'look over' and mark it. On the other hand, I suppose that if one thing be certain in the history of literature, it is that the essay belongs to middle age, and so exclusively that, in human experience, no young man has yet succeeded in writing a decent one. If, for a moment, we pause and ask ourselves just why we read Montaigne or Bacon or Hazlitt, we know at once why to set a schoolboy writing essays is mere fatuity. But essays are short: an exemplary volume, priced at eighteenpence, can be made to contain quite a large number of them; and, therefore, Addison survives by luck as well as by his good management.

But he does not survive in the way his lovers could wish. The handbooks and histories of English literature recognize his 'historical importance'; some of them, indeed, giving him more than his due for this. None of them, as it seems to me, concerns itself with that truer and higher value which Johnson had in mind when he wrote: 'Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' In fact, nobody does this;

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and for the lamentable reason that our generation has somehow lost the love of good prose. Until we rediscover a passion for prose, Addison must wait; and I comfort myself with the reflection that, as his easy spirit is of the sort to endure delay without vexation, so his writing — being of cloth-in-grain and woven for wear — will outlast many fashions, and in the end securely come to its own.

For the while — I know not why it should be, and merely state what, as a teacher, I have experimentally proved — our young men have no passion at all for prose. They write verse (lyrical verse for the most part) quite amazingly well, with great fervor, and no small skill. One of these days the early years of this twentieth century will be envied for their wealth of lyrical song; and because of its lyrical dearth these young writers dismiss the eighteenth century as negligible. They will have nothing to do with it. When I descant to them on the beauties of 'numerous prose' they yield a cold assent: they cannot deny, but their hearts are not converted. I find it even easier, choosing a lyric out of that arid period (Matthew Prior's *Jinny the Just*, for example), to ask if that, at any rate, be not poetry, than to entrap their enthusiasm with the most delicate passage from the *Spectator*. There is no call to be depressed over this. So long as its boys and girls love verse, our nation stands in no jeopardy of withering at the root of the matter. But I confess to being puzzled. When Thackeray quotes Addison's well-known lines

> Soon as the evening shades prevail
> The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
> And nightly to the listening earth
> Repeats the story of her birth, etc.,

and, asking, 'Who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?' answers, 'It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm'— why, then, I seem to know what Thackeray means. When the late Robinson Ellis set me those same lines to turn into Latin elegiacs and commended them as 'My dear Q——, when you come to think of it, what astounding rubbish!'— why, then, also, I seemed to know just what Robinson Ellis meant. But when a young man, keen on poetry and accustomed to good talk at his father's table, has no better than a blank stare for *nuances* (let us say) of Addison's two papers on *Chevy-Chase*, why, then, he and I find ourselves together at a loss which is equal, being absolute.

I cannot, I repeat, say why it should be, although I can make a guess: but there it is. Anyone laying down the latest biography or the latest novel, and turning from it to pick up Cobbett's *Rural Rides*, or Thomas Paine's *Rights of Man*, or some obscure story by Maria Edgeworth, may relish the change or disrelish it; he cannot fail to perceive that he is dealing with folk who had a serious sense of the dignity of English, and were at considerable pains to do something which the modern author has treated as negligible. Some blame this upon Dickens and his influence: which is absurd. Let anyone study, for a test, the seventeenth chapter of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and (setting aside one flagrant misuse of the word 'aggravate') he must feel himself in company with a writer who knows the old tradition and delights in it. Others accuse Carlyle, and as falsely. Whatever Carlyle lacked, he possessed a high self-esteem and an almost equally high conscience as a craftsman. He waywardly preached Germany, and his preaching has done vast harm; but I cannot trace to it the particular harm for which I want to account. I should seek it rather in a Parliament which

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has forgotten its fame as 'the British Senate,' in a press which, having to write in a hurry, dedicates to speed the tribute more properly due to decency; and, in general, the whole deterioration to careless 'slop.' It may be argued that to dress for dinner is a silly habit, wasting time. In practice, I observe that the man who omits this small sacrifice to the Graces commonly ends by omitting to wash the back of his ears.

Matthew Arnold, whose whole doctrine depended on his persuading us to value urbanity, had for his curse an itch of caprice. In a moment of caprice, he, who should have preached urbanity for all he was worth, and never ceased to preach Addison, chose to slight Addison as a writer who said perfectly what was little worth saying. Now I open my *Obermann*, whom Matthew Arnold went astray to prefer, and I light at random on a letter beginning:

> Uplifted mountains, headlong fall of accumulated snows, lone peace of the valley in the forest, sere leaves which the silent runnel takes onward. What would ye be to man if ye spake not to him of other men? Nature would be mute did they exist no more. If I remained the last of all my race, what impression could be exercised upon me by the rumors of the austere night, the solemn silence of great valleys, the light of the sun setting over calm waters in a heaven suffused with melancholy? Nature is perceived only in its correspondence with humanity, and the eloquence of external things is nothing but the eloquence of man.

Now Dr. Senancour, when he wrote this, was probably unaware that Coleridge in his *Dejection*, had said the same thing at least ten times more finely. But Matthew Arnold knew, pretty certainly, as he certainly ought to have known. And his praise of such an author as Dr. Senancour simply works out to this — that, the Alps being the Alps, any gush about them is preferable to severe writing upon such lesser things as Westminster Abbey or the Roman Forum. If Matthew Arnold really believed this ——. But it is common knowledge that he did not. His plea (and, as I understand it, his immediate plea) was for urbanity in literature. I fail to follow one who, starting with this claim, at once shows himself unaware that Horace or Addison made a new thing of whatsoever came under their pens. Addison could touch nothing but his touch so adorned as to make it appear different, and new. When we consider, reading his papers on *Paradise Lost*, how near he lived to Milton and in the thick of how many prejudices, can we fail to admire either the infallible good sense of Addison's appreciation or his pluck in proclaiming it?

He did many things well, and one thing insurpassably well, in an age which — literature being all in a flux here, and then hardening upon bad achievement — did many things contemptibly. Take, for example, restoration comedy, on which, since Lamb wasted some jocosity upon it, so much has been solemnly written, while all the time the truth (patent to anyone who reads Regnard, Dancourt, Le Sage, or Marivaux, having any sense of artistry in him) is that Wycherley, Etherege, and Vanbrugh have no right at all to suffer, even by comparison, being three 'rotters' who simply did not know how to handle a pen. On such a trio who needs waste a doubt whether they were indecent or no? But, if for nothing else, they remain historically important as showing up the dignity, the gravity — at once gentle and subtle — with which Addison, with others' help, but himself the steady man and point of reference, reclaimed another branch of the author's art for literature; and that success should be the more venerable for us when we reflect that he worked as a journalist.

The Observer

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REVIVING THE GUILD IDEA

BY G. D. H. COLE

Most people are aware that long ago, in the Middle Ages, industry was organized under a system which is now called the Gild (or Guild) system. They know that for several centuries this was the prevailing method of industrial organization, and that it gradually decayed before the coming of modern industry, overwhelmed by the expansion of the market, by the substitution of new for old forms of production, by the growing importance of finance, and by the growth of national, as opposed to local, economic, and social consciousness. The old Guild system was essentially a local system, and for most people that is a sufficient reason for dismissing it as irrelevant to present-day industrial problems.

The old localized market, the 'town-economy' of which the industrial historians tell us, is indeed gone forever, though it may be hoped that we shall some day recover the finer qualities which belong to craftsmanship and small-scale production. But, even if we accept, for our time at least, the existence of national and international economy, with their concomitants the world market, and large scale production, there may still be much which we can learn from the guilds of the Middle Ages. For in the great days of the guilds, the ordinary man did achieve a position which he has never occupied in modern industry — a self-government and a control of his own working life which are of the essence of human freedom.

Modern industry is built up on a denial — a denial to the mass of the workers of the attributes of humanity. In the factory of to-day, the workman counts not as a man, but as an employee, not as a human being, but as the material embodiment of so much labor power. He sells his labor in a 'labor market,' and in that market an employer or the management of a company buys just that quantity of labor power which can be used for the realization of a profit. The employer or the firm buys labor-power just as it buys electrical power or machinery, and just as an ordinary purchaser buys a pound of tea or a cake of soap. In short, under modern industrial conditions labor is treated as a 'commodity' and is bought for the purpose of realizing a profit.

Vast consequences flow from this way of treating the worker. Seeing that, in the factory, the worker is present not as a human being, but merely as so much embodied labor power, the worker is not regarded as having any right to share in the control of the factory in which he works. He is there to behave not as a man, but as labor power, to be moved about and used and to have his motion directed at will by those who have purchased his labor. According to the theory of modern industry not only does the factory belong to the employer to do with it what he will: the workman also belongs to the employer during the hours for which his labor has been bought.

Of course, things do not work out quite like this in practice. In the bad days of the Industrial Revolution in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when the workers were for the most part half-starved, helpless, and unorganized, the theory and the practice did almost completely coincide, as they still coincide in the case of the sweated workers in this country or of the downtrodden employees in the mills of India or Japan. But even in these cases, the harmony of theory and practice has been on occasion rudely broken: the workers have re-

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belled against the conditions of their wage-slavery, and there have been strikes and riots, usually without conscious purpose or final success. In the civilized countries, the workers have gradually organized in Trade Unions, and as they have grown stronger the gulf between theory and practice has widened. The recalcitrance of labor has become more marked and more frequent, and employers have been compelled to bargain collectively with their workers, and to admit their possession not merely of certain human rights, but even of a certain title to a small share in industrial control usually in the form of certain restrictions imposed by the Trade Unions on the way in which the factories are run. This has meant a growing difficulty in administering industry under the existing system, until unrest has risen to such proportions as to threaten the stability of the system itself. We are not far off the position when the workers will refuse any longer to be treated as labor power, and when the refusal will compel a complete reconsideration of the principles and the practice of the industrial system.

The growing divergence of theory and practice can have only one end. It is impossible, in view of the present strength and consciousness of labor, that our industrial practice should ever again be harmonized with the old theory. It remains, therefore, that we should remodel our theory, and make our practice consistent with that new theory.

What is this new theory? It is here that the mediæval guild can teach us useful lessons. For the only way out of our present *impasse* is to get back to a position in which every workman can feel that he has a real share in controlling the conditions of his life and work. We must reconstruct our industry on a democratic basis, and that basis can be only the control of industry by the whole body of persons who are engaged in it, whether they work by hand or by brain. In short, the solution lies in industrial democracy.

This democracy must be in many ways very different from the democracy which existed in the mediæval guilds, until the rise of inequalities in wealth made them plunge into oligarchy and finally chaos and dissolution. The mediæval guilds were local, confined to a particular town and its environs: our modern guilds must be national and even, in many respects, international and world-wide. While preserving the local freedom and local initiative, we must coördinate them on the same scale as the market must be coördinated. The epoch of world-commerce calls for national and international guilds.

There will be a second difference hardly less important. The mediæval guilds were made up of master-craftsmen, with their journeymen and apprentices who could hope one day to be masters, working in independence in separate workshops under conditions laid down by the guild. The modern guild will be made up, in our time at least, of huge factories in which democratic control will have to be established and safeguarded by far more formal methods than were necessary in the small workshop of the Middle Ages. Moreover, our modern industries are so inter-connected and so bound up one with another, and economics and political considerations are so intertwined, that modern guilds will have to be far more closely related to the State than were the mediæval guilds, which, it is true, were often most intimately related to the mediæval municipality.

But, with all these points of difference, the resemblance will be far more

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essential. Modern, like mediæval guilds, will be dominated by the idea of social service — an idea which has almost vanished from the organization of industry in modern times. They will bring back the direct control of the producer over his work, and will give him the sense, which hardly anyone can have in industry nowadays, of working for the community. That, Guildsmen believe, is the secret of getting good work well and truly done.

If we set this ideal of National Guilds before us, how can we set about its realization? It is made necessary and possible by the emergence and power of Trade Unionism, and Trade Unionism is the principal instrument by means of which it must be brought about. The growing strength of Trade Unionism is beginning to make impossible the continuance of industry under the old conditions; there is no remedy but in making Trade Unionism itself the nucleus of a new industrial order. Our problem, then, is that of turning Trade Unions into National Guilds.

Trade Unions to-day consist principally, though not exclusively, of manual workers. But, clearly, a National Guild must include all workers, whether they work with their hands or with their heads, who are essential to the efficient conduct of industry. Trade Unionism must, therefore, be widened so as to include the salariat. This is already coming about. On the railways, in the shipyards and engineering shops, and in other industries the salariat is already organizing, and is showing an increasing tendency to link up with the manual workers. As the power of Trade Unionism grows still greater, this tendency will become more and more manifest. One part of the building of National Guilds is the absorption of the salariat into the Trade Union movement. Another part, on which I have no space to dwell, is the reorganization of Trade Unionism on industrial lines.

As these processes go on, the Trade Unions will continue their steady encroachment in the sphere of industrial control. The divergence between the theory and practice of capitalist industry will become wider and wider, and it may be that we shall find ourselves at last with a practice fitting the new theory achieved without any abrupt or violent transition at all.

What form will the gradual encroachment take? First, I think, the form which it is now manifestly taking in some of the principal industries. The workers will create strong organizations of their own in the workshops and factories (shop stewards' committees, works committees and so on) and will then demand for these organizations positive functions and powers in the control of industry. At the same time, especially in services which are state-owned and administered, the Trade Unions will demand a share in control, nationally as well as locally. In every direction, the workers through their organizations will gradually demand and secure as much control as they are at present able to exercise. And not merely will the appetite for control grow as it feeds; the competence and the power to control will grow with it, till by a series of stages the functions of industrial management are gradually transferred to the workers' organizations, which will by that time have come to include the whole effective personnel of industry.

This is one side, and the most important side, of the development. But at the same time, the democratization of industry will be accompanied by a similar gradual democratization of politics and of the State. The State will be driven more and more to assume the ownership and control of

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industry, and every step which it takes in this direction will make more important the existence of real and effective democratic control over the State. The National Guildsman believes that industry ought to be controlled by the workers engaged in it: but he believes also that the State ought to own industry, and that popular control must be established over the machinery of State. I have not left myself space to deal with this side of the problem fully: I can only say that Guildsmen believe that it is impossible to have a really democratic political system while the economic system remains undemocratic, and continues to be based on the denial of the Humanity of Labor. And, on the other hand, the democratization of the industrial system will make possible a parallel democratization of the political machine. The way to political and individual as well as to industrial freedom lies in the control of industry, and it is for this reason that the industrial problem occupies its paramount position among social questions. The Guild system, I believe, furnishes the best possible solution of the social problem, because it carries with it the best reconciliation for our time of the principles of freedom and order — principles apparently in conflict, which must be reconciled in any system which is to satisfy our moral striving after personal freedom and coöperation one with another.

Reconstruction

THE INARTICULATE ENGLISHMAN: A CHARACTER SKETCH

BY JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

EMERSON long ago noted that England is a fusion of distant and antagonistic elements, and that nothing can be praised in it without damning exceptions, or blamed without salvos of cordial praise. However that may be, we were certainly never entitled to be prouder of our countrymen than at the present moment; never was there less occasion to cavil at their faults and foibles; and yet, in any attempt to sum up the English character, one has to note the shadows as well as the lights. Both its weakness and its strength may spring from the same soil; and a recognition of the fact that the weaknesses are often merely the defects of the qualities may help us to understand and so perhaps to pardon them.

Twenty years ago (if I may venture to quote myself), I wrote the following passage in a little book I perpetrated on America:

> One of the most conspicuous differences between the American and the Briton is that the former, take him for all in all, is distinctly the more articulate animal of the two. The Englishman seems to have learned through countless generations that he can express himself better and more surely in deeds than in words, and has come to distrust in others a fatal fluency of expressiveness which he feels would be exaggerated and even false in himself. A man often has to wait for his own death to find out what his English friend thinks of him; and
>
> 'Wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as ithers see us,'
>
> we might often be surprised to discover what a wealth of real affection and esteem lies hid under the glacier of Anglican indifference. The American poet who found his song in the heart of a friend could have done so, were the friend English, only by the aid of a post-mortem examination. The American, on the other hand, has the most open and genial way of expressing his interest in you; and when you have readjusted the scale of the moral thermometer so as to allow for the change of temperament, you will find this frankness most delightfully stimulating. It requires, however, an intimate knowledge of both countries to understand that when an Englishman congratulates you on a success by exclaiming, 'Hallo, old chap, I

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did n't know you had it in you,' he means just as much as your American friend, whose phrase is: 'Bravo, Billy! I always *knew* you could do something fine.'

The difference indicated by these words is one that often leads to misunderstanding. The Englishman, for good or evil, is probably the most self-contained, the most self-sufficient, the most self-possessed of mortals. On the credit side this means sturdy independence, courage, honesty, loyalty, resolution; on the debit side it shows a certain disregard of others, an inability to put one's self in the place of others, a limitation of view, an emotional gap. I have heard the Englishman described as the worst-mannered man in the world, simply because his indifference to others is so unconscious, so innocent of any intention to offend, You can bear it, if you know the other fellow thinks you worth powder and shot; but the unkindest cut of all is to be ignored, to be treated as if you were n't there! If you make an amusing remark during the entr'acte, the smile may spread to the faces of your unknown American neighbors; an Englishman in the same circumstances would rather die than betray the fact that he had overheard a remark not addressed to him. Many a sensitive American has been wounded by the unresponsive exterior of an Englishman, who at the worst was merely uninterested, at the best was revolving in the deeps behind his expressionless mask how he could most effectively serve his interlocutor's aims.

One sees here at once how much room there is for both praise and blame. Surely, says the American, it is only human to show your feelings, to try to make your temporary neighbor comfortable; it is all very well that your word should be as good as your bond, but why be as parsimonious of pleasant words (which are cheap) as of bonds (which are dear); a moment's geniality need not tie you down to a friendship for life. No, says the Englishman, I don't want to say a word more than I feel; if I am not interested, I am not interested; I don't much care what you think of me, and I assume you don't much care what I think of you; if you have anything worth saying or doing, you ought to say or do it irrespective of its reception.

The Englishman of the best type is seldom equaled and probably never excelled in any other country. The highest points of the curve soar into the empyrean. It does, however, sometimes seem as if the general average of the curve were a little higher elsewhere. In a letter to the *Times* a few weeks ago, the eloquent Bishop of Hereford asked how it was that England was almost unrepresented by Englishmen in the great Conference at Paris, and had to see her interests dealt with by Welshmen, Scots, Jews, Dutchmen, and Colonials. He might have noted also that neither Sir Douglas Haig, nor Sir David Beatty, nor Admiral Wemyss, nor General French, represents the Predominant Partner 'What,' says the bishop, 'is the key to the problem of the failure of Englishmen to hold their own in the friendly rivalry of nationalities within the Empire?' Perhaps part of the answer may be found in the inarticulateness we have just been considering. This inexpressiveness has become 'good form'; it has been encouraged by the stereotyped training of the public school and university, it has come to be looked on as almost the necessary stamp of the ruling class. It breeds, or is at any rate closely allied with, a lack of imaginative power to realize that a different type of man may be as good or better, and this again involves a certain diffi-

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culty in adapting one's self quickly to new conditions.

In a great crisis like the war, startlingly new conditions are one of the most marked features; and in the absence of the Englishman of real genius, like a Pitt or a Nelson, it hardly seems surprising that the leaders are drawn from the more elastic and adaptable races. *Pace* Carlyle, even the talker has his uses; and the man who can expound eloquently and persuasively the exigencies of the occasion is at times more important than the costive and tongue-tied doer of deeds. For to arouse may be more vital than to act, to secure the sympathy of others may bring into the field a force far stronger than one's own resources can possibly afford. The speaker reaches the masses. Even the strong cannot always do without the help of the weak. The mouse deals more effectively than the lion with the meshes of a net. The bull-dog (a strangely perfect symbol for the English character) must remember that he cannot run as fast as the greyhound, and that he has not so good a nose as the pointer. The strong, silent man may sometimes be too silent.

So far as inarticulateness is associated with modesty and self-reliance, it is to be commended; where it rather means self-satisfaction and distrust of extraneous help, it is to be deprecated. The great crisis through which we have been passing has certainly revealed the essential nobility of the Englishman in a very striking way; but it may be hoped that it has also taught him that even England needs allies. It is not perhaps too much to say that English *character* has been the chief factor in the winning of the war; but if that character had been better backed by quick-witted and imaginative brains, the war would have been won the sooner. Disciplined character is the one thing needed for the rank and file, but the leaders must have that and something more. And a little more expressiveness to others, a little less of hiding one's light under a bushel, a little more consideration for the superficial feelings of others as well as for their substantial interests, would certainly have good effect as a lubricant of the machinery of life. Shakespeare has sung the praises of 'the fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she'; but perhaps in this ordinary work-a-day world the Englishman would be more effective—he would certainly be more popular — if he were not quite so much of an 'Unexpressive He.'

The Landmark

THE INVASION OF BALLYMULLEN

BY E. S. G.

Ballymullen had become suddenly famous. A policeman had been shot (fortunately not fatally).

The Lord Lieutenant had sent a wire expressing his indignation at the outrage. The *Irish Times*, in a leading article on it, had called (for the twenty-sixth time that month) on the government for firm and just administration of the law. A prominent member of the Southern Unionist Alliance had subjected the Chief Secretary to a searching cross-examination in the House of Commons on the state of affairs in Ballymullen. The Chief Secretary, in reply, had no information from Ballymullen or apparently from any other part of Ireland.

No arrest had been made. According to the newspapers a diligent (but fruitless) search was being made for the assailant. The policeman was recovering and sitting up, and public interest in the affair subsiding, when suddenly, without any warning whatsoever, Bal-

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lymullen awoke one morning to find itself proclaimed a military area.

At no time a centre of much commercial activity, complete paralysis settled on the town as the result of the pronouncement. All business came to a standstill, while the inhabitants, propping themselves against the walls of its public-houses, viewed with a certain nervous apprehension the arrival in its midst of an armored car, a tank,— commonly supposed to be full of poison gas,— several machine guns, and a detachment of soldiers, described in the Ballymullen *Star* as 'sated with blood and lust and victory.' The blockade of Ballymullen having been ensured by the establishment on its bridges of these various engines of war, its inhabitants were next informed that permits from the military authorities would be required for anybody wishing to enter the town.

Ballymullen seethed with indignation. That the liberty of its inhabitants should be thus interfered with was an unspeakable outrage, for which the mere shooting of a policeman afforded no justification. As everybody knew, the affair had been purely accidental — one of those regrettable incidents to which only ill-advised policemen would expose themselves. As Mrs. Daly remarked, 'What right have the police to be interfering with the people?' Mrs. Daly is the mother of fourteen children, 'six of them buried,' she will tell you with the proud satisfaction with which the poor in Ireland allude to their thus providentially-disposed-of progeny. The surviving eight, ranging in age from five to fourteen, conform'ng with the spirit of the times, 'stood to attention' on my arrival, 'formed fours,' and were only restrained from shouting 'Up the rebels' by an admonition from their mother to 'Whisht, and have conduct.' For Mrs. Daly, although an extremist in the matter of Sinn Fein, belongs to a family which for generations has been what she is pleased to describe as 'rared on the gentry,' and has not yet lost an inherent respect for the 'quality' or a natural disinclination to offend their susceptibilities.

'Never yet did I give a foul face where I met a fair one, whatever way the wind would be blowing,' she remarked, welcoming me into her cottage, incidentally sweeping a broody hen off the chair in which I was requested to seat myself.

Accustomed to Mrs. Daly's usually inconsequent conversation, I placed myself on the extreme edge of the chair, as far removed as possible from the position lately vacated by the hen, awaiting some explanation of the cryptic remark with which I had been greeted.

'Whoever it was that sent for them I don't know,' said Mrs. Daly, 'some says as how it was the colonel, and more says as how it was the canon.'

'Sent for what?' I inquired.

'The soldiers.'

'Of course, the colonel did n't send for them, nor the canon,' I replied. 'No private person could do such a thing. It was the government that sent them because of the drilling and the raids for arms and the shooting of Constable Spillane.'

'Sure he'd never have got shot at all, the craytur,' replied Mrs. Daly, 'if he'd minded his own business. What right had he to be up at Danny Murphy's at all that time of the night?'

'He was looking for arms,' I replied.

'Looking for trouble,' Mrs. Daly remarked, with a sniff, 'and he found it, and we all found it with the persecution that has been put on us by the soldiers.'

'In what way do they persecute you?'

'Well, now, your honor, would you

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believe it? There was that little boy Batty,' indicating her eldest offspring, 'and meself driving into town last Monday morning, and a sack of turf inside in the ass-cart, and just on the bridge beyant on the road were two of them (Scotch by the look of them), and an officer with a small little cap on the side of his head. "Shtop," sez he, holding on to the ass by the bridle, "where's your permit?" sez he. "Permit is it," sez I, "and what would I be wanting a permit for, one that's traveled this road since I was born by nobody's leave but my own." "You must have one now," sez he, "or I'll shoot you." "If you shoot me," sez I, "I'll shoot you." With that they all laughed. "What have you," sez he, "in that sack?" "What's that to you?" sez I. "Come, now," sez he, "and open it," taking hold of the sack, and as it was n't too well tied together at all, out fell all the turf on the road. "Pick that up again," sez I, "and put it back in the sack. What right have you interfering with me — a poor woman that done no harm to no one? Sure was n't your own mother a woman, and you'd have a right to remember it." With that they all laughed again. But they picked up the turf and put it back in the sack. "Pass on," sez the officer, "but don't be coming into town again without a permit," but sure by that time had n't they Batty and me half killed with the fright.'

'Well, if they do nothing worse than that, you won't die just yet.'

'They'll do worse — same as they done before.'

'What's that?' I inquired.

'Behead all the people and burn all the houses.'

'When did they do that?'

''T was some time ago then?'

'It must have been.'

''T was in 1641,' said Batty.

'Has n't Batty the learning?' remarked his mother, with pride, 'it's a great scholar I'll make of him.'

'If he is n't beheaded,' I suggested, preparing to take my departure.

'The soldiers will kill all before them,' replied Mrs. Daly, relapsing into gloom. 'Ballymullen is destroyed entirely, and all along of a *bosthoon* of a policeman who had a right to keep to his bed at night instead of trapezing about in the dark interfering with decent, quiet people who done him no harm nor anyone else.'

'Up the ribils!' murmured Batty, tentatively.

'Whisht,' said his mother, 'did n't I tell you to have conduct!'

The Outlook

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LEONARDO DA VINCI

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE fourth centenary of the death of Leonardo da Vinci, it is reported, has lately been celebrated in Italy. It has passed almost unmarked in England. The British public, in its childlike simplicity, has been passionately absorbed, not as one might foolishly have supposed, in the fate of the world now hanging in the balance, but in the fate of Hawker. It has scarcely so much as heard the name of the man who, first of mankind, not only meditated with concentrated attention on the problem of flight, but realized scientifically the difficulties to be encountered, and sought how to overcome them. It so chances, however, that the moment when that hazardous flight was attempted was also the fourth centenary of the death of the true pioneer of aviation, who was also at the same time in many respects the most marvelous man whose presence has ever glorified the earth or exalted our conception of the possibilities of humanity.

When, indeed, our imagination plays with the idea of a future Over-man, it is Leonardo who comes before us as his forerunner. Vasari, who had never seen Leonardo but has written so admirable an account of him, can only describe him as 'supernatural' and 'divine.' In more recent times Nietzsche remarked of Leonardo that 'there is something super-European and silent in him, the characteristic of one who has seen too wide a circle of things good and evil.' There Nietzsche touches, even though vaguely, more nearly than Vasari could, a distinguishing mark of this endlessly baffling and enchanting figure. Every man of genius sees the world at a different angle from his fellows, and there is his tragedy. But it is usually a measurable angle. We cannot measure the angle at which Leonardo stands; he strikes athwart the line of our conventional human thought in ways that are sometimes a revelation and sometimes an impenetrable mystery. We are reminded of the saying of Heraclitus: 'Men hold some things wrong and some right; God holds all things fair.' There has been much dispute as to whether he was above all an artist or a man of science. It is a foolish and even unmeaning dispute. In the vast orbit in which Leonardo moved the distinction had little or no existence. That was inexplicable to his contemporaries, whose opinions Vasari echoes. They marveled ignorantly at his learning and proficiency, but he seemed to them variable and unstable. They could not understand that he was not of the crowd of makers of pretty things who filled the workshops of Florence. They saw a man of beautiful aspect and fine proportions, with a long curled beard and wearing a rose-colored tunic, and they called him a craftsman, an artist, and thought him rather fantastic.

But the medium in which the artist worked was Nature the medium in which the scientist works; every problem in painting was to Leonardo a problem in science, every problem in physics he approached in the spirit of the artist. 'Human ingenuity,' he said,

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'can never devise anything more simple and more beautiful, or more to the purpose, than Nature does.' For him, as later for Spinoza, reality and perfection were the same thing. Both aspects of life he treats as part of his task — the extension of the field of human knowledge, the intension of the power of human skill; for art, or, as he called it, practice, without science, he said, is a boat without a rudder. Certainly he occupied himself much with painting, the common medium of self-expression in his day, though he produced so few pictures; he even wrote a treatise on painting; he possessed, indeed, a wider perception of its possibilities than any artist who ever lived. 'Here is the creator of modern landscape!' exclaimed Corot before Leonardo's pictures, and a remarkable description he has left of the precise effects of color and light produced when a woman in white stands on green grass in bright sunshine, shows that Leonardo clearly apprehended the *plein airiste's* problem. Doubtless, it is possible to show that he foresaw still later methods. He rejected these methods because it seemed to him that the artist could work most freely by moving midway between light and darkness, and, indeed, he, first of painters, succeeded in combining them, — just as he said also that pleasure and pain should be imagined as twins, since they are ever together yet back to back, since they are ever contrary,—and devised the method of *chiaroscuro*, by which light reveals the richness of shade and shade heightens the brightness of light. No invention could be more characteristic of this man whose grasp of the world ever involved the union of opposites, and of opposites both apprehended more intensely than falls to the lot of other men.

Yet it is noteworthy that Leonardo constantly speaks of the artist's function as searching into and imitating Nature, a view which the orthodox artist anathematizes. Leonardo was not the orthodox artist, not, even, perhaps, as he is traditionally regarded, one of the world's supreme painters. One may even sympathize with Mr. Bernhard Berenson's fierce but engaging attempt in recent years — unconvincing as it has seemed — to 'expose' Leonardo. The drawings Mr. Berenson, like everyone else, admires wholeheartedly, but, save for the unfinished 'Adoration,' which he regards as a summit of art, he finds the paintings mostly meaningless and repellent. He cannot rank Leonardo as an artist higher than Botticelli, and concludes that he was not so much a great painter as a great inventor in painting. With that conclusion it is possible that Leonardo himself would have agreed. Painting was to him, he said, a subtle invention whereby philosophical speculation can be applied to all the qualities of forms. He seemed to himself, to be, here and always, a man standing at the mouth of the gloomy cavern of Nature, with arched back, one hand resting on his knee and the other shading his eyes as he peers intently into the darkness, possessed by fear and desire, fear of the threatening gloom of that cavern, desire to discover what miracle it might hold. We are far here from the traditional attitude of the painter; we are nearer to the attitude of that great seeker into the mysteries of Nature who felt in old age that he had only been a child gathering shells and pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of truth.

It is almost as plausible to regard Leonardo as primarily an engineer as primarily a painter. He offered his services as a military engineer and architect to the Duke of Milan, and set forth at length his manifold claims, which include, one may note, the

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ability to construct what we should now, without hesitation, describe as 'tanks.' At a later period he actually was appointed architect and engineer-general to Cæsar Borgia, and in this capacity was engaged in a variety of works. He has, indeed, been described as the founder of professional engineering. His science always tended to become applied science. Experience shows the road to practice, he said, science is the guide of art. Thus he saw every problem in the world as in the wide sense a problem in engineering. All Nature was a dynamic process of forces beautifully effecting work, and it is this, as it were, instinctive vision of the world as a whole which seems to give Leonardo that marvelous *flair* for detecting vital mechanism in every field.

It is impossible even to indicate summarily the vast extent of the region in which he was creating a new world, from the statement, which he set down in large letters, 'The sun does not move,' the earth being, he said, a star, 'much like the moon,' down to such ingenious original devices as the construction of a diving bell. It is enough — following expert scientific guidance — to enumerate a few points; he studied botany in the biological spirit; he was a founder of geology, discovering the significance of fossils and realizing the importance of river erosion; by his studies in the theories of mechanics and their utilization in peace and war he made himself the prototype of the modern man of science. He was in turn biologist in every field of vital mechanism, and the inaugurator before Vesalius (who, however, knew nothing of his predecessor's work) of the minute study of anatomy. He was hydraulician, geometrician, algebraist, mechanician, optician. He was the seer of coming steam engines and of steam navigation and transportation.

He was, again, the inventor of innumerable varieties of ballistic machines and ordnance, of steam guns and breech-loading arms with screw breech-block. These are but a few of the fields in which Leonardo's marvelous insight into the nature of the forces that make the world, and his divining art of the methods of employing them to human use, have of late years been revealed. For centuries they were concealed in notebooks scattered through Europe and with difficulty decipherable. Yet they are not embodied in vague utterances of casual intuition, but display a laborious concentration on the precise details of the difficulties to be overcome. Nor was patient industry in him, as often happens, the substitute for natural facility, for he was a person of marvelous natural facility, and, as such persons are apt to be, most eloquent and persuasive in speech. At the same time his more general and reflective conclusions are expressed in a style, combining the maximum of clarity with the maximum of concision — far, indeed, removed from the characteristic florid redundancy of Italian prose — which makes Leonardo, in addition to all else, a supreme master of language.

Yet the man to whom we must credit these vast intellectual achievements was no abstracted philosopher shut up in a laboratory. He was, even to look upon, one of the most attractive and vivid figures that ever walked the earth. As has sometimes happened with divine and mysterious persons, he was the natural child of his mother Caterina, of whom we are only told that she was 'of good blood,' belonging to Vinci like Ser Piero, the father, and that a few years after Leonardo's birth she became the reputable wife of a citizen of her native town.

Ser Piero da Vinci was a notary, of a race of notaries, but the busiest notary

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in Florence and evidently a man of robust vigor; he married four times, and his youngest child was fifty years the junior of Leonardo. We hear of the extraordinary physical strength of Leonardo himself, of his grace and charm, of his accomplishments in youth, especially in singing and playing on the lute, though he had but an elementary school education.

Except for what he learned in the workshop of the many-sided but then still youthful Verrocchio, he was his own schoolmaster, and was thus aided to attain that absolute emancipation from authority and tradition which made him indifferent even to the Greeks, to whom he was most akin. He was left-handed; his peculiar method of writing long raised the suspicion that it was deliberately adopted for concealment, but it is to-day recognized as simply the ordinary mirror-writing of a left-handed child without training. This was not the only anomaly in Leonardo's strange nature. We now know that he was repeatedly charged as a youth on suspicion of homosexual offenses; the result remains obscure, but there is some reason to think he knew the inside of a prison. Throughout life he loved to surround himself with beautiful youths, though no tradition of license or vice clings to his name. The precise nature of his sexual temperament remains obscure. It mocks us but haunts us from out of his most famous pictures. There is, for instance, the 'John the Baptist' of the Louvre, which we may dismiss with the distinguished art critic of to-day as an impudent blasphemy, or brood over long without being clearly able to determine into what obscure region of the Freudian unconscious Leonardo had here adventured.

Freud himself has devoted one of his most fascinating essays to a psychoanalytic interpretation of Leonardo's enigmatic personality. He admits it is a speculation; we may take it or leave it. But Freud has rightly apprehended that in Leonardo sexual passion was largely sublimated into intellectual passion, in accordance with his own saying, 'Nothing can be loved or hated unless first we have knowledge of it,' or, as he elsewhere said: 'True and great love springs out of great knowledge, and where you know little you can love but little or not at all.' So it was that Leonardo became a master of life. So it was that Vasari could report of him — almost in the words it was reported of another supreme but widely different figure, the Jesuit saint, Francis Xavier — that 'with the splendor of his most beautiful countenance he made serene every broken spirit.' To possess by self-mastery the sources of love and hate is to transcend good and evil, and so to possess the Over-man's power of binding up the hearts that are broken by good and evil.

Every person of genius is in some degree at once man, woman, and child. Leonardo was all three in the extreme degree, and yet without any apparent conflict. The infantile strain is unquestioned, and, apart from the problem of his sexual temperament, Leonardo was a child even in his extraordinary delight in devising fantastic toys and contriving disconcerting tricks, and drawing mysterious symbolic designs that have foolishly suggested to some that he was an occultist. His more than feminine tenderness is equally clear, alike in his pictures and in his life. Isabella d'Este, in asking him to paint the boy Jesus in the Temple, justly referred to 'the gentleness and sweetness which mark your art.'

His tenderness was shown not only toward human beings, but all living things, animals and even plants, and

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it would appear that he was a vegetarian. Yet at the same time he was emphatically masculine, altogether free from weakness or softness. He delighted in ugliness as well as in beauty, he liked visiting the hospitals to study the sick in his thirst for knowledge; he pondered over battles and fighting, he showed no compunction in planning devilish engines of military destruction. His mind was of a definitely realistic and positive cast; though there seems no field of thought he failed to enter he never touched metaphysics, and though his worship of Nature has the emotional tone of religion, even of ecstasy, he was clearly disdainful of the established religions, and perpetually shocked 'the timid friends of God.' By precept and by practice he proclaimed the lofty solitude of the individual soul, and he felt only contempt for the herd. We see how this temper became impressed on his face, in his own drawing of himself in old age, with that intent and ruthless gaze wrapped in intellectual contemplation of the outspread world.

Leonardo comes before us, indeed, in the end, as a figure for awe rather than for love. Yet, as the noblest type of the Over-man we faintly try to conceive, Leonardo is the foe not of man but of the enemies of man. The great secrets that with clear vision his stern grip tore from Nature, the new instruments of power that his energy wrought — they were all for the use and delight of mankind. So Leonardo is the everlasting embodiment of that brooding human spirit whose task never dies. Still to-day it stands at the mouth of the gloomy cavern of Nature, even of Human Nature, with bent back and shaded eyes, seeking intently to penetrate the gloom beyond, with the fear of that threatening darkness, with the desire of what redeeming miracle it yet perchance may hold.

The Nation

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THE SPONGE: A STORY

BY LENNOX ROBINSON

He had n't been a week in Kyle when it came to him suddenly, all in a flash, the theme he had been waiting for. He knew it was somewhere, of course, all the time, just round the corner; or rather *they* were there, for surely their name was legion; but how to overtake, surprise, spring upon, seize, and carry off even one of the band was the problem that had bothered him for the last fifteen years. He was thirty-five years old now, and it was when he was in the very early twenties that others — friends and editors of magazines — began to uphold his own conviction as to his power of writing, his power even of winning by his pen fame and success beyond the ordinary; the editors gave positive proof of their belief in him by printing his stories and paying for them; the friends talked largely and loudly about him; and by the time he was twenty-five he belonged to the select band of young writers who 'counted' and who could be depended on to count for very much more in the future; he had 'arrived,' very lightly equipped, on the strength of a few brilliant trifles; but heavy and interesting luggage was following him you felt sure; when he started to unpack this, you might be assured of a display of riches dazzling to his generation.

What he had displayed to the public so far had been nothing of larger bulk than a number — a considerable number — of short tales. His genius (it was the word his friends used) had expressed itself in short stories of an unviolent kind. He could capture and put on paper in extremely lucid language most delicate and intricate psychic relationships, adventures of the mind, spiritual crises of the most subtle fragile kind, making them so right, so true, that the most fastidious critics could not but praise them, and making them at the same time so simple and so exciting that ordinary people found pleasure in their perusal. He was never crude, and he was never precious.

But, of course, the short story was not going forever to content him. They were mere trials of his wings, exhibitions of what he could do, wonderful feats, spectacular tricks undertaken to prove to himself how perfectly he was master of his machine, how, even at his most daring moments, his hands never hesitated or fumbled on the levers; never for an instant did he lose control. He was as capable, he knew, of long flights as of these brilliant brief dartings, of sustained soaring as of vivid flashings but — whither should he fly? His flight would be so just and true, so brilliant and tremendous, that it called for a worthy objective. He needed a great theme.

Many of the themes of his short tales were great, but in a tiny way. They did n't ask for sustained elaboration, they could adequately be dealt with and dismissed without going outside the limits which editors set to the 'short story'; he had n't to compress them, they asked for no more space, demanded no large expanse of canvas. But he knew that there were themes that did demand space; his

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fellow writers seemed to find them without great difficulty; why in Heaven's name could n't he?

And now, after fifteen years of conscious searching, he had found one. Found it in a flash of a second in Kyle Church; found it while he imagined he was following with attention the reading of the Second Lesson. It was the parson who had supplied it; little red-faced sleepy man, *he* was the theme; his sleepiness, his slovenly middle age, his crumpled surplice, his stumbles over the prayers, his lack of attention. He had presented himself and all his appendages in a flash to Luke; had said to him in that clear unmistakable voice in which ideas always spoke, 'Here I am; use me'; and in the next second had made it clear that he could n't be treated in a short story, that he possessed richnesses, amplitudes that asked for space unlimited to spread themselves upon; he presented himself as the theme for a novel.

The more Luke thought it over, the more rich, the more ample it became. It was vast. He saw that it was n't going to concern itself only with the parson's personal history; it would imply the history of his whole class (which also was Luke's class); it would imply a certain amount of the history of Ireland. It started by presenting itself as the adventure of a clergyman who is young and energetic, who has led an active life in busy town curacies, and who is rewarded at an early age by being made rector of a country parish. His congregation would consist of twenty-five souls (Luke had counted twelve people in the country church); he would not have more than a day's work to do in the week; and gradually, slowly (how fascinating to watch in detail the slow advance!) he must lose all his fine freshness, all his enthusiasm, the spring of his activity must weaken, weaken, till he ended by becoming like sloppy Mr. —— (whatever his name was), droning out the prayers.

Should it be a study in negations, a tragedy in which the villain of the piece is just that nothing ever happens? That idea dismissed itself; to make his tragedy worth the writing his hero must be rather exceptionally gifted for the act of living; and if so gifted, he would be strong enough to break away from mere negation. No; his hero, who loved life and people and activity, who belonged to the church militant rather than to the church contemplative, must need for his undoing a train of events not necessarily far fetched or violent, but a little out of the ordinary. Luke saw him not always patient, saw him unhappy. He decided that he must love and be unhappy in his love; he must love hopelessly; love, perhaps a Catholic—yes, by Jove, that was it and——.

The theme suddenly unfolded itself in quite unexpected amplitude. His hero became almost unimportant personally, because so portentously important as an actor in a vast drama. The theme revealed itself in its true colors, was n't ashamed of being labeled, boldly announced itself as being a study of the deathless antagonism between the two faiths.

But it was n't going to be a violent drama. It must be for the most part unconscious, just the inevitable wearing down and away of the weaker of the two antagonists. It must never degenerate into being a 'problem' novel, it must teach nothing, prove nothing, point out no reform that should be made. The big issue must be vast and impersonal, but all the detail of it immensely personal — the mere anecdote of it, material that in other hands would go to make a 'best seller.'

At this point his theme seemed to

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him to lose its balance, its rightness and sanity became obscured. He turned his mind back to the starting point, to the little slack, sleepy parson. But why sleepy and slack? He did n't look like a man who had suffered actively; one could n't suspect him of a tragic love affair; in his case it must be a question of mere negation, but negation *plus* something, *plus* some force, some hidden power — that is to say *apparent* negation; something very active that ambuscaded itself behind a barricade of quiescence; something very powerful that pretended to be the personification of ineffectiveness — but what was it?

His eyes searched the landscape, and the fields and woods, the damp sunshine, and the soft wind smiled back at him in answer. He met them with a surprised, incredulous 'You?' and they sighed a faint assent. His theme immediately righted itself; no wonder it had seemed out of balance, for, of course, the church was only half the theme, the other half was the country — this sunny friendly southern country which must smile in gentle welcome on his hero and gradually lap him round and fold him in and put him to sleep. He must be strong enough to fight the powers of darkness, but not the powers that came veiled in soft sunshine; he must n't be strong enough to fight the long mild wet winters, the enervating persistent southwest wind, the 'stuffiness' of the valleys, the airless woods. These must weave around him thin webs, filmy threads so fragile as to be imperceptible in the spinning, they must gently blind his eyes to all distant views, softly seal his ears to all outside voices. In the end he must be offered a road of escape and must be too sapped of energy to take it; he must throw up the sponge with hardly a murmur, hardly a conscious gesture.

That was his theme in four words — throwing up the sponge. Had n't Luke's class been doing it these three generations past, sometimes with groans and curses and struggles, sometimes with mute acceptance of the inevitable? Was n't his religion doing it, retiring without disorder, fighting a gallant losing battle? It was part of the battle of class and creed not to admit that you were beaten; but the moment was quickly arriving when that attitude would become ridiculous, when the most dignified prayer was a *Nunc dimittis*. Now Luke should speak for his class finally and forever, should throw up their sponge with a superb gesture, throw it up — as he exuberantly expressed it — with unerring aim, right into the blue, for all the world to wonder at. By Jove, what a theme, what a theme!

The small property he had unexpectedly inherited at Kyle included a pleasant little house, and by letting the land for grazing, he found himself in possession of a sufficient income to live on. Eventually he would sell the property, but he determined to sacrifice three years to his theme. It existed at present only in broad outline; all the delicate intimate details needed careful filling in, and a town-bred cosmopolitan like himself had no stock of knowledge to draw upon, he would have to collect it on the spot. But it was worth the trouble; it was worth three years of his life; it was worth, if necessary, five years.

During those years the details presented themselves quickly and in abundance. A chance acquaintance, a statement by a neighbor about someone else, enabled him to create his Catholic family with ease. They were to be rich, would be the 'big people' of his hero's parish, would be cultured, and must offer to the young man all the beauties of art, music, and literature

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which he would have missed — Luke felt he must have missed — during his curacies. Tennyson might have stayed at that Catholic house; it must at any rate have a tradition of literature and of music. Particularly of music, for Luke had never in his short stories had space enough to let himself 'go' on this particular subject; but he promised himself now a veritable debauch. The family must be charming and gracious, and must make the young man welcome till they found out the danger they and he were running. That danger must never culminate in anything approaching a 'big scene' (Luke liked eschewing 'big scenes'): it must be nipped in its earlier stages by someone, some more far-seeing relative, and the girl in question, quite unconscious of being the danger-spot, must be sent hurriedly away, must marry. Only when he found her gone must the poor hero realize that he loved her.

And then there came into the scene, suggested by he knew not whom, a man neither Catholic nor Protestant, a young squireen, but unlike other squireens, for he would hold himself aloof from his class, and though he would be a sportsman, a fisher, and a shooter, he would love beyond these pursuits music and the pleasures of a town. He would be a man with a twist in his nature or in his history, — perhaps he would be illegitimate,— would be lazy and without ambition, but with initiative enough to escape from the country a couple of times a year and go to London, where he would spend his six months' savings in fast living, but a fastness that would include an orgy of concerts and operas.

Luke's hero was to have a deep love of music, undeveloped until he came into contact with the Catholic family, and then suddenly checked in its development by the chill that would naturally fall between the rectory and the great house after the girl's escape and marriage. It is then that he meets this man, and it was easy to appraise the dangers that might arise from their contact. His hero was friendless and alone, was disappointed in his love, was craving for music, for life, for — for anything. He must be tempted and must fall, must consent to a visit to London with the squireen, a visit involving, he knew, half-hinted-at sins, *saletés* of mind and body. But something must intervene, there must be no 'crash,' his friend must die suddenly, violently, before the plan comes off, and the poor hero must be left alone.

That was the essence of it, left alone. Left alone at the mercy of the country, left alone to accumulate each year a thin layer of adipose tissue which would numb and coarsen mind and body. At the end a vigorous college friend arrives, an overworked rector from Middlesex or Lancashire, and offers him a road of escape, offers him a curacy. He can't take it — or does he take it and throw up the sponge in the end, violently, by suicide?

That was the only detail in the story that Luke hesitated over. Very soon the whole train of events had learned their places, had learned to march in even file and steady step to his piping. Their march was so exact that no preliminary drilling was necessary. Sometimes one of his short stories had demanded half a dozen preliminary essays before it could be induced to clarify itself, before it could be trained to march in rank. But his great achievement, his novel with the big theme needed no such tentative treatment; within eighteen months it stood four-square in his mind.

All except the very end. The exact alighting spot at the end of his long flight remained obscure. The exact

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method of the final chucking of the sponge.

He dreamed all day of his novel during that first hot summer he spent at Kyle; he turned it over and over n his mind as he lay out in a long deck-chair in front of the house, among a tangle of weeds that had been once a flower garden. To retrieve that garden would be the work of a couple of years; and as he was so soon to sell the place, the labor seemed hardly worth while. Had he intended to settle there permanently, there were many improvements he might have made in house and grounds; but to spend money on what he was so soon to part from seemed foolishness. In its own way it was a busy year for him, for if he cleared no gardens and mended no roofs, he was all the while planning out and arranging the intricacies of his theme. He dreamed of it during the long wet winter, spent for the most part by the log fire in the shabby dining room; he talked of it to the literary friends who occasionally spent week-ends with him.

They all agreed that it was good, it was big, and that he, and perhaps he alone, could do justice to it. It was so good and big that it dwarfed everything else in his mind; its great spread of canvas demanded all his wind; there was n't a puff left for the tiniest story. His friends regretted this, thought that he might have spared a breath to propel some little craft; but he smilingly declared that impossible. He was keeping back everything for his big effort.

Yet he hesitated before starting on the task of writing it. It was all so nearly perfect, so arranged, it seemed a pity to begin until its perfection was absolute. If he could only decide about the final chapter. Was it to be suicide or not suicide?

'Write it, my dear fellow, to the penultimate chapter, and then, if you're still at sea, toss for it,' his nearest friend urged him.

He could n't do that. He felt all the rest to be so just, so true, that he could n't descend to such base means. Besides he had no right to feel 'at sea' about such an important point; at times he half suspected his doubt must point to some fatal weakness in the construction of his book. He decided to wait; some day — to-morrow perhaps — the voice would be heard unmistakably saying, 'This is the way.' And he waited, the sponge in his hand. Waited to give it that noble, heavenly spin, waited — waited.

He grew to love Kyle, grew to love its river, the airless valleys, the leisurely life of the place. He stirred away from it less and less; it seemed a pity to lose any of it when he was soon — next year probably — going to lose it completely and forever.

And at last his patience was rewarded. As it was the parson who had given him the foundation stone, so now it was the parson who supplied the final turret. He had come to see Luke; and, as he had often done before, the latter was delicately probing him, trying to find out what he felt and thought, or rather how extensive was his absence of thought and feeling. At last he frankly asked him why he had spent thirty-five years in this parish; why he had never tried to escape to some more active sphere of work.

The parson as frankly answered him, laughing good humoredly.

'I suppose by the time I should have gone I had n't energy enough to go. There's something in this place, the climate ——'

'Yes, yes,' said Luke; and then suggested that possibly in certain cases the loneliness and absence of work, the objectlessness, the 'something' he

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spoke of, might lead to disaster, to tragedy.

'Oh, it leads to drink sometimes — nothing worse — and to that very seldom. One has n't energy enough to be wicked.'

There it was in a flash! Of course, his hero would n't have energy enough for suicide, would be too wanting in initiative to destroy himself. What an idiot he had been not to see that obvious thing before! But the parson continued:

'Have n't you felt it, too? I mean the way this place and climate take away one's energy? Why, when you came here you said you were only coming for a couple of years and were then going to sell the place. That's fifteen years ago,—I was counting up yesterday, — yet you're here still.'

'Ah, I'm going now—to-morrow,' Luke declared. 'I've been waiting, looking for something. I've found it at last.'

Yes, he'd go. He'd go back to town and write his great novel in a year. He had it all now, every single detail of it from the first word to the last.

But, because it was so perfect, because he had it all 'by heart,' as children say, was it worth writing down? He could write it well, he knew; no living writer could display it in all its details with his subtlety and simplicity. Other writers had more power and could have made of it a Zolaesque drama,— he thanked God the idea had never come to *them*, that *they* had never worshiped in Kyle Church! — and, of course, many could have written it sentimentally; but he, he only, could treat the theme with balance and justice. His version would be so balanced and just that he wondered whether anyone would realize its absolute truth. No one would believe it, but that did n't trouble him, for the thing that mattered was that *he* believed it, he knew it to be true, it was his possession, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; the mere writing of it could not make it more completely his, and was n't that all that mattered?

And, if he was n't going to write it, why leave Kyle? Why not end his days there? If he sold the place now, it would be bought by some Catholic farmer. If he didn't sell it, the cousin to whom he had willed it would be certain to do so; in either case their family, which had been connected with Kyle for more than two hundred years, would be gone, swamped, blotted out; the sponge would have been thrown up. What did he gain by going back to the world? He would have to start to write again if he did so; and had he anything to say except this great thing which he no longer wanted to do more than whisper to himself? Other writers had taken his place; well, let them keep it. But, possibly, he had grown a little sluggish, and he decided on a compromise. He gave himself another year in the country; after that he would go back to work.

So he lives on at Kyle through the wet, warm winters, the airless summers. He has grown stout. The weeds still grow in the garden, the slates are still missing from the roof. He is leaving the place next year, so why should he spend money on it? He reads little, he thinks little. He is quite happy. When the moment comes for him to cease to exist, his final gesture will be no defiant throwing of the sponge in the face of Heaven. Gently it will slip from his nerveless fingers.

The Cornhill Magazine

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SWITZERLAND'S SHARE

BY BENJAMIN VALLOTTON

WHAT was Switzerland's share, you ask. What did the land of snow-covered mountains do for the great cause? Perhaps you are still contemptuous of the prudence, nay, even the timidity, of small peoples on the edge of the conflagration.

On August 4, 1914, what non-belligerent country was in a more difficult situation? Surrounded by the battle on every side, without coal, without raw materials, akin, as regards language, to several of the peoples at war, declared to be neutral by the Congress of Vienna in the very interest of Europe, ill defended naturally against Germany, five millions of whose soldiers were already on the march, what could Switzerland do, what was she to do? Her engagements obliged her to raise her army, to mass it along her frontiers, to repulse the aggressor who should attempt, by seizing on the Helvetian valleys, to lay hands on what has sometimes been called 'the strategical heart of Europe.'

That Switzerland did. On August 4, 1914, three hundred thousand soldiers were under arms, all of them resolved to do their duty, all of them having lifted their right hands up toward the sky and sworn to give, if need be, their lives for their country.

Yet another question was put forcibly. By violating Belgium, a neutral country; by outraging Right, was not Germany insulting every neutrality, was she not establishing solidarity of honor between them? By going back upon her word, by heaping up crime upon crime, was not Germany destroying everything that makes life in common possible, everything that gives to the relations between peoples a moral basis, therefore, in a word, everything that guaranteed the neutrality of Switzerland? To proclaim that necessity knows no law, that treaties are but scraps of paper, that Right is Right, is not this flouting and attacking directly the small countries, the weak ones, the very ones to whose interest it most is that a word given should be kept, that justice and loyalty should be the laws of the world?

Martyred Belgium cries for help. What will her sister in neutrality, Switzerland, reply? Must she not protest *because* she is neutral? And that in order to affirm and defend a principle which is one of her own principles, and as it were her *raison d'être?*

Protest? 'A useless question, a word the sound of which is borne away by the wind,' say the prudent ones, say even excellent patriots. A mistake, a glaring mistake! Being signatories to the Conventions of The Hague, the letter and the spirit of which were violated, it was our right and our duty to speak, the more so as we were weak, as none could accuse us of unavowable ulterior motives. All our traditions, a whole living past urged us imperiously to do so. What an echo, what deep meaning would there have been in the ears of the wide world in this cry of a little neutral country, speaking on behalf of another little neutral country odiously ill treated.

For prudential motives, perhaps also owing to juridical scruples, which were

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excessive at the time when Germany was denying and destroying the law — that cry was not uttered. Some have wished to win forgetfulness for that silence by charity. Charity is a beautiful thing. But courageous truth is still more beautiful. To keep silence nationally when face to face with certain crimes that destroy morals in every form, disconcerting coolness is necessary.

The souls of thousands and thousands of Swiss citizens have been plunged into mourning by this official silence.

How can so much individual faintheartedness be explained?

For years on end — we knew nothing of it; a few prophets were preaching in the desert — Germany had been at work on Switzerland, where there ived, as in a settlement, two hundred and twenty thousand of her subjects, professors, manufacturers, traders, bankers, commercial travelers, who took their orders from Berlin. Their purpose? To found a greater Germany. They swarmed in our iniversities, in our factories, in the offices of many newspapers written in German, becoming naturalized if need be to kill distrust, insinuating, waiting for the hour fixed by their chiefs.

Daily business relationships, and the intermingling of interests and family alliances in the bourgeois and intellectual circles in a certain part of Switzerland, created sympathies and habits of mind which it was difficult to give up at short notice. On the whole — we shall try to prove it — the people had remained faithful to the old democratic spirit, but narrow, though unfortunately influential, circles had lent an ear too readily to songs that did not come from our mountains. Shortly before the war, William II invited himself into German Switzerland, smiled, flattered, played the democrat, offered clocks, photographs, and tie-pins, congratulated a few colonels, and threw carrots to the Berne bears. Anxiously the crowd looked on, and waited.

'Are there many shots as good as you?' the powerful monarch asked a humble Zurich carabineer familiarly.

'Five hundred thousand!' replied the man, swaggeringly.

'Five hundred thousand? And if I sent a million of my soldiers against them?'

Placidly, the carabineer replied in his dialect: 'Ah! that would mean two shots for each of us.'

That is what the man of the people said or thought in German Switzerland. But those, or nearly all those who had been through a part of their studies or their apprenticeship in the German universities, commercial schools, or banks, impressed with German order, German organization, German power, looked on Germany as being the foundation stone of discipline and morals in the world. And what is known of France at Berne, Zurich, Saint-Gall? Little. Her professors, engineers, chemists, and commercial travelers there could be counted upon the fingers. For many who did not know her, or had no means of knowing her, she had given up figuring as a great power.

And the war breaks out. The Germans have thus had in German-speaking Switzerland a picked personnel, posted in good places, to preach the gospel of the Imperial Staff, the propagator of official lies; Germany, provoked and attacked, is defending herself; it is England who has engineered the whole business, who pretends to the mastery over the world; Belgium is only her instrument and France her victim. That is said, repeated, printed, and proofs supposed to be drawn from the Belgian archives are given. The truth is distorted with such seriousness, with such a tone of virtuous con-

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viction that millions are taken in. Throughout Switzerland there is a rain of pleas, tracts, illustrated brochures, huge folios, faked telegrams, false news. At the same time, by every avowable and inavowable means, the economic offensive is carried on. All Germany from the intellectuals to the last commercial traveler, to say nothing of the chemists, the bankers, and the ministers of the Old God, is mobilized to get the greatest possible profit out of the war; the German consulates, too, the imperial embassy at Berne, around which circle twelve hundred employees, some of whom were promoters of intrigues. It is the dance of millions; the result of undue influence exercised upon many newspapers which were offered advertisements paid at a high rate on condition that they should be the canal for German news and German theses. And everyone cried together: 'Founded on the rock, virtuous and disciplined, Germany will conquer.'

Being nearer the sources of truth, less influenced by that disgusting Realpolitik, French-speaking Switzerland unanimously denounced the German crime from the very outset. Her conviction never wavered for a single instant. And it was at the hours when France might have been thought to be lost that she spoke her sympathy with the greatest vehemence. Harder pressed, more efficaciously worked upon since there is community of language between her and Germany, German-speaking Switzerland staggered under the violence of the attack. There was reason to believe that the end of the spiritual unity of the old country had come.

Little by little, however, the truth came out. In December, 1914, Karl Spitteler, the great poet, nearly all of whose friends and admirers were Germans, whereas, in France, he counted them on the fingers of one hand, condemned the violation of Belgium, denounced 'Cain calumniating Abel' with noble indignation. Other voices were raised, railed at, naturally, by a set of second-rate journalists, of men naturalized the day before, and later of Bolsheviki in the pay of moribund imperialism.

It must be affirmed that the reaction began to be felt in German-speaking Switzerland long before the victory. With its sound common sense, which wants to be informed, to compare, to reflect, which requires time, and still more time, the mass of the German-speaking people finished by grasping the meaning of the war. The lamentable lines of civilians evacuated from the north of France ended the demonstration. Surprised and deceived, the Helvetian democracy saw once more what it had to do. As early as 1915, as soon as a train of wounded or repatriated people reached Switzerland *via* Schaffhouse, the crowds came running up, bare-headed, to acclaim the victims of Prussian militarism.

There still exists, it must be admitted, a clan of admirers of the German military methods, of the centres of 'neutralism' covering suspicious goods, persons who do not lose an opportunity of showing that the war has taught them nothing; but the great majority of the Swiss people, we are sure of it, acclaimed the fall of the rapacious Prussian.

Switzerland has thus passed through a crisis which for a moment might have been thought to be mortal. Let us hope she will henceforward be more conscious of her traditions, more attached to that liberty for which so many men have sacrificed their lives, and unanimously hostile to any greedy imperialism.

Having been called upon to speak of a country to which we belong, and which we love, we have been unwilling

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to hide anything about the years it has just lived through. Between men all groping in search of the same ideal, the truth must be said without trying to take shelter behind those vague formulæ, those equivocal statements which hide nothing but weakness of soul and sad misunderstanding.

Having shown the wretched side of our national life, it is a joy now to point out its grandeur. Since we could not fight, each man said in his tongue with naïve sincerity, like a Vaudois peasant, 'We have revenged ourselves by means of charity.'

We know that it would be hateful to pride ourselves upon that charity. It was our privilege to dry a few tears, bind up a few wounds, save a few waifs from the shipwreck.

However great our efforts were, we know there is no common measure between that and the loss undergone by those who have suffered in their dearest affections, and the horrible agony of exiles dying of grief, and the slow crucifixion of so many peoples. When face to face with those who for more than four years have struggled unceasingly, in mud, in snow, in blood, so that there may still be liberty and justice in the world, we shall ever fall short of their due meed of gratitude.

Caring for your wounded, clothing your repatriated people, guiding your blind was one way of crying our thanks to you, of legitimating our titles as men. We wished, too,— and this is what explains the persistency of the enthusiasm of our crowds,— to wipe out the bad works of some, protest against certain silences, deserve thus a place in the society of nations of good-will.

And it is in this spirit, which is free from all Pharisaism, that we shall speak of the charitable effort of Switzerland, showing to the soldiers of France that they have not fought for ungrateful people.

The Swiss 'War Charities' are to be counted by hundreds. To avoid falling into a dry nomenclature, we must limit ourselves, and choose somewhat arbitrarily.

Honor to whom honor is due. The International Agency of Prisoners of War had in Geneva, as early as October, 1914, more than a thousand collaborators, presided over by a man of as great value as modesty, M. Gustave Ador, who is to-day the President of the Confederation.

'People turn to our agency,' wrote M. Ador himself, 'in order to know about the organization of a camp, the means of corresponding, the treatment the prisoners undergo, what religious or medical care they are the object of, in what circumstances such and such a death took place, the site and state of tombs, the nature and duration of an epidemic in a camp. The reports of our inspectors, drawn up with scrupulous impartiality, have largely contributed to the stopping of certain abuses, to the bettering of the conditions under which the prisoners were lodged and cared for. Let us call attention to our protestation against the camps of reprisals in Germany, our ceaseless efforts to obtain for the civil populations of the north of France the right to correspond with their relatives who were prisoners in Germany or living in France, fighting or not in the ranks of the French army, our intervention with a view to the repatriation of the grievously wounded, and the internment of the sick in Switzerland. Let us recall, too, our frequent protestations against the non-observation of the Convention of Geneva relative to the medical and sanitary personnel unjustly held prisoners in the camps of concentration — our protestation against the massacring of the Armenian populations.'

The letter-bag of the agency con-

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tained as a rule a daily average of one thousand eight hundred letters received, and three thousand five hundred letters dispatched. There were three million names on the registers of the department for the finding of the missing. More than fifty million parcels were sent to the prisoners on behalf of the families.

Millions of human beings owe their lives to the Agency of Geneva, thousands of parents a lessening of their grief, the end of their anguish. That is something to be proud of. Truly have M. Ador and his battalion of collaborators deserved promotion to the highest rank in the order of love of one's neighbor.

The Swiss Post Office did a great amount of work, too. It goes without saying that everything sent to prisoners is post free. During 1915, only, seventy-five million letters and post cards, thirty-six million of which were for the French prisoners alone, and twenty million parcels passed through Switzerland. It may be imagined that these figures involved a tremendous amount of writing, registering, and verifying. Hundreds of volunteers seconded the ordinary personnel, which was too hard put to it. No one spoke of going on strike when doing that work. One Christmas Eve a good old fellow said: 'One gets tired out, and has a headache, but it pleases one all the same!'

Le Revoir! — A sweet word, indeed. With the help of the Swiss settled in France, who collected more than three hundred thousand francs, the *Revoir* smoothed the way for the mothers, wives, and children, who were going to Switzerland to see those who were interned there. How many hopes, lost, and then suddenly revived, how many happy tears! The good people who came to us in thousands, many of whom had never left their village, found a brotherly welcome in our stations. They were gently led up to the threshold where they would meet again.

The Family Joy had a similar aim. The repatriated people from the north constantly found in Switzerland a son, a husband, a father who had long been prisoners in Germany, and then interned. They met for a few moments. The train whistled. As an old woman said, they had not the time to cry together. The Family Joy brought together the families separated by the storm, offered them five days' stay together, at Le Bouveret, a pretty village on the banks of the lake. There they remained for hours, seated on the beach, or under the chestnut trees, hand in hand, and eye to eye. Three or four years' privation and moral torture! Suddenly pass out of the storm, and find one's self on the shores of a sapphire lake! 'We say nothing, we look at one another, that is enough. We are so happy!' These were the words of a sergeant who was giving his arm to his aged mother, more than eighty years old, and the two went on with slow, short steps, smiling.

But, alas! all the prisoners were not interned in Switzerland. Those who were to remain till the very last day behind the barbed wire were innumerable. Among them were many intellectuals and students. What was to be done? Swiss professors founded the University Society of Prisoners of War. 'We wish,' said they, 'to preserve our pupils from psychological misery, lead them to understand and see into intellectual things again; make them into men capable of supporting their ordeal with dignity.'

According to their affinities of language, the work was shared out between the Universities of Basle, Berne, Fribourg, Zurich, Neuchâtel, Geneva, and Lausanne. Elementary and high-

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er-grade pedagogical associations lent their help, and succeeded in getting into touch with as many as six thousand pupils, four thousand of whom were French, who were provided with books, pamphlets, and a whole school outfit (copy-books, pencils, chalk, blackboards). Precious friendships were thus struck up over a great distance, which will survive the war, for the good of both countries.

'I was worn out and my nerves were stretched to breaking point,' wrote lately one of these students who had gone back to his family after forty-nine months' captivity, 'when I received a parcel of books. At the top of the pile there was a translation of the *Apology of Socrates*. I read it with avidity. The firmness of Socrates, his smiling stoicism, his faith in the eternity of just thought, filled me with admirable strength. I was saved. And what joy I felt when I read, written very small between two lines of the text: "Am unknown, I shake your hand."'

But there were not merely students among the prisoners. Those thousands of men whom *ennui* was wearing away, for whom neurasthenia was on the watch, had to be thought of as well. Sometimes there came, by indirect ways, letters of despair. 'It's enough to make you go off your head. You turn round in a narrow courtyard, you turn again and again. Then you sit down and look at your toes. When it rains in torrents we gather in the dormitory where we wait, stupidly, for night to come.' Several societies set to work. One of them alone sent more than fifty thousand volumes to more than forty camps. Our good people living in French-speaking Switzerland were touchingly eager to give reading matter to those who were being shipwrecked under the gray sky of Germany. 'I am sending you my whole library,' wrote a peasant, 'six books, two of which are illustrated, and one of which has a page out, unfortunately. If those who read the story wish to know what there was on the lost page, I invite them now to come and see me after the war, and I shall tell them as best I can. And if they thank me, I shall interrupt them: "None of that, it is we who have to do the thanking, we know very well what you have done for us."'

But there is an effort which crowns all the others. Charity is a noble thing, but after the slaughtering, the massacres in Armenia, the crushing of Serbia, the devastation of the north of France, the deportation of civilians, the murder of Miss Cavell, the drowning of the two thousand passengers of the Lusitania, there were hours when the Swiss, conscious of the stake in the drama which was being played,—the liberty or enslavement of peoples,—envied those who, free from every other duty, were looking death in the face. With such crimes continually repeated, systematically, methodically, it was really not sufficient to be charitable and neutral after a certain fashion. One's conscience could not be at ease.

In the great struggle of human dignity against 'the necessity which knows no law,' there could not but be Swiss. This war was not a war like other wars. It was a crusade! The whole world was leagued against those who were practising terrorism, and wished to bring the peoples to their knees.

The day after the violation of Belgium, three thousand Swiss, which number, little by little, was increased to six thousand, enlisted under the republican flag of France — the strength of two regiments, composed of several hundreds of German-speaking Swiss, Swiss from the Tessin, French-speaking Swiss, especially, nearly all

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discharged from the army of their own country, or on leave; men of every age, from seventeen to fifty-eight, of every profession, from the Protestant pastor to the hotel waiter, from the student to the cowherd.

In August, 1914, close on two thousand Swiss volunteers crossed Paris behind the red flag with the white cross, singing the patriotic hymn that Amiel composed when Switzerland, in 1856, rose against Prussia at the time of the Neuchâtel revolution.

Roulez tambours, pour ouvrir la frontière,
Au bord du Rhin, guidez-nous au combat!
Battez gaiement une marche guerrière,
Dans nos cantons, chaque enfant naît soldat.
C'est le grand cœur qui les fait braves!
La Suisse, même, aux premiers jours,
Vit des héros, jamais d'esclaves.
Roulez tambours, roulez tambours!

A young fellow of eighteen wrote to his parents:

It's over. I have enlisted for France, but as a Swiss. I shall not be called up here for two years. So I am at present quite free. What decided me? It is quite simple. The Germans have violated Belgium. If they can, exploiting this crime, they will gulp Europe down. So I, who do not want to be swallowed by them, am going to fight. And it seems to me that in fighting for France I am fighting too for my country. For who would dare to say that if France and England were conquered Switzerland's turn would not come next? So, without a look behind, forward, for the two countries I love! Mamma will not keep me back. She loves me too much to cause me that terrible sorrow. As for papa, how often has he said to me: 'Walk straight, my lad!' I am obeying him.

Enlisted in the *Légion Etrangère*, the solid framework of which they formed in the early days, the Swiss fought valiantly at Arras, Carency, Souchez, Notre-Dame de Lorette, and Neuville Saint-Vaast, where the marching regiment of the legion was mentioned in dispatches for having advanced four kilometres under a hail of shell, as it was to be later, again, in Champagne, which won for it the honor of wearing the *fourragère*. Since then, in fight after fight, the regiment has been mentioned twelve times (the record of the French army) and won the double red *fourragère*. It was in Champagne, at the attack on the butte de Souain, that Captain Junod, a leader worshiped by his men, fell. At the very beginning of the Helvetian mobilization he had come to offer his services to his country, but been refused, and then had given himself up wholly to a cause — he said it and repeated it to his family — on which the existence of Switzerland depended. Having been grievously wounded a first time, decorated, and mentioned in dispatches, he went back to the front when scarcely healed. Here are a few lines taken from his letters home.

French Front,
September 15, 1915.

I was deeply moved by the ceremony that took place on the 13th, the giving of the flag to the First Foreign Regiment. When our new flag, in marvelously fine weather, began to unfold its three colors above the regiment, I began to cry like a baby.

September 19, 1918.

I believe that the taking of the white works (where Junod had been wounded during the Arras offensive) was a poor show compared to what is awaiting us. Provided I'm not mutilated, I don't mind what happens. I shall stick full sail on. I am very smart, anyway. I have had my green uniform touched up, and it fits me like a glove. I think we shan't dishonor ourselves nor our forbears.

Monday, September 27, 8 A.M.

There are times when I feel exhausted. And then the spring that has never come uncoiled puts everything back into place. This morning I feel young and strong. Was present at indescribable things. There is a bit of a calm. We're going forward.

Tuesday, September 28, 1915, 12.30 P. M.

I am writing in the darkness. The day has been fearful. We are going forward slowly. The adversary is hard as nails, his artillery is admirably served, and never

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stops knocking us silly with 140 mm. gas shells. No rest either night or day. It is raining, but fairs up from time to time. A washy sun; we're shivering. Morale is excellent. I can't understand how it is I am still alive.

These were Captain Junod's last lines. The same day the bursting of a shell and machine-gun bullets riddled him with holes, and left him lying in the barbed-wire entanglements. Junod had found the death he wished for.

Near this *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* we may place — for they are as great, as *pure* as each other, and truly worthy of marching together in the valley of death as they marched together in life — the Neuchâtel volunteer, Samuel Bourquin.

Bourquin, a *pasteur* in a French parish, went back to his country as soon as war broke out, and took his place in his battalion. Having done his duty, he got leave, and went back to his parishioners till the day when, his conscience being tormented by the crimes perpetrated in the name of the Old God, his own God dictated his conduct to him. 'Everything tells me to go and fight, that it is the great immediate duty.'

Though married shortly before, he enlisted. And before his first battle he wrote to his mother:

I should like to write to you to tell you how near you are to me in this hour when the cannon is already thundering to open up a way for us. It is a tragical hour that is coming, and we feel that to finish matters, to win recognition for the right of nations, we must give ourselves up utterly, and beyond this awful work see the end, the beauty of which sheds a ray of brightness upon the darkest days. We shall win the victory. We must see it through our tears. Wounded, bruised, taken prisoner, or killed, all will be well if I have been able to conquer. I think of you especially. Your great heart suffers infinitely. But you feel that they who, in spite of all, accomplish a great duty are happy. I hope not to be hit, but however decided one be to defend one's self valiantly in so violent an attack, an accident soon happens. Instinctively my heart turns to you and draws courage from the example of your life. Thank you for your letters, so full of affection. I am glad that everybody has wished you joy; there are days of joy and days of anguish. When peace has come again, after our victory, our feasts will be finer, and if one of us is missing, we shall look toward God, Who reigneth, and in Whom nothing dieth.

After days and days of fighting, during which he behaved with great bravery, Samuel Bourquin wrote to his brother:

During the last ten days, I have had moments of weakness, of physical and psychical exhaustion, of despair, of revolt of the flesh. What had I come into this hell for? Why had I given up my liberty, risked my life in this awful, pitiless machinery? Then names, Jesus, Paul Péguy, and those of other heroes; the image of my mother rose up in that night like gleaming stars, and my energy came back. If I had to choose to-morrow between battle and liberty, I should go to battle. I have sometimes prayed so fervently that I could not be a coward afterwards. Not that I believe in God's special intervention in my favor. But I know that we are fighting with God in a crisis of humanity in which, of two evils, we must choose the less, and destroy war by war. That thought is a source of courage and strength.

On September 10, 1918, Samuel Bourquin was killed. From his grave, he tells us what a Vaudois volunteer said when he went back home with his jaw broken, a shell-splinter and two bayonet wounds in his body: 'Liberty is worth that.'

So hundreds and hundreds of Swiss volunteers died, hundreds were wounded in this war. It is comforting for us to think that, thanks to these brave fellows, Swiss blood has been shed on the battlefields where liberty was striving with brutal despotism. That blood and those dead lessen the weight of our weaknesses and of the silences that lie heavy on our consciences.

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These six thousand volunteers have a place to themselves, a place of honor, in the charitable effort made by Switzerland during these fifty-one months' war. For is not offering and giving one's life for the noblest of causes the greatest of charities?

Which does not mean, of course, that the brothers of these volunteers, who mounted the guard at the frontiers of the fatherland, have not done their duty—a monotonous duty, a duty of patience, a duty, all the same, and a great duty. Not much visible glory, no medals and being mentioned in dispatches, no hours of awful suffering, but also no hours of tumultuous enthusiasm crowned by the hour of victory. They had to live on in gray monotony, wait and wait again, leaning on their rifles, but ever ready for the great effort, for none is sure of the morrow, and the feeble are the prey of the eagle. This patience has its grandeur, its heroism as well.

These soldiers have given utterance to magnificent words, which revealed the warmth of their hearts and all they would have been capable of if their country had rung the tocsin.

In November, 1916, some Swiss soldiers on garrison duty at Saint-Maurice had been told off to render the funeral honors to a French interned soldier who had died of consumption at Montana. He had been wounded in Belgium, and had been a prisoner for a long time, after having done his duty as a brave soldier. Grouped around the grave, with their rifles pointing skyward, the eight Swiss comrades fired their farewell shots. Shortly afterwards, one of the men said to his sergeant, 'Sergeant, since his mother could not come, you ought to write her a line.' The sergeant got her address, and wrote her a letter that the soldier asked to sign. And underneath his name, this is what he wrote: 'We are the Swiss soldiers who fired the last volley over the grave of your son. He died for a noble cause. So, I am telling you that *along with my rifle-shots, I shot my heart skyward.*'

Another of our soldiers who had been posted as a sentinel close to the Alsatian frontier, was listening to the thunder of the battle roaring round Seppois. Suddenly he uttered this cry: 'Oh! if *they* were victorious (*they*—everyone knew what that meant) for the rest of my life *the warmth of my conscience would be chilled!*'

And in the month of March, 1918, when, judging things from a distance, the game seemed to be lost for France, a wood-cutter from the Vaudois Jura, who was at that time on leave from his regiment, wrote to a comrade, 'Every day I climb up to the top of a hill, look at France, and send her all the strength I can. It seems to me that the wind brings me the sound of the battle. *But it is not the ears, it is the heart that is listening.*'

The same wood-cutter, in the evening of November 11, 1918, climbed up into his church-steeple; the bell of which, swung hard and long, told to the echoes the joy and gratitude of a whole village. How many Swiss, that evening, 'fired their hearts into the sky?'

La Revue France

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CREATURES OF THE TWILIGHT

BY FRANCIS PITT

CONSIDERING what common creatures they are, it is quite strange how little the average person knows about bats; yet any evening when it is warm enough for them to be out, they may be watched flitting to and fro in scores. As the light begins to fade, shadowy shapes appear, turning, wheeling, and volplaning against the sunset sky. There are big ones and little ones, tiny things flittering round the bushes, bigger ones dashing in and out between the tree-tops, and larger still darting by high overhead on strong purposeful wings. The last are the noctules, or great bats, our largest native kind, and the smallest the wee pipistrelles, the commonest and tiniest species we have.

There are twelve species of British bats, without including several wanderers from the Continent which have been recorded here only a few times, and of the dozen, *Pipistrellus pipistrellus* is certainly the most widely distributed and the best known. It is the 'flittermouse' of the country people, who firmly believe that bats are mice with wings. Of course bats are really a highly specialized group of mammals with no affinities with the rodents, so the name is not a very suitable one, though it does describe the weak characteristic flight of this quaint little creature. They also call bats in general 'leathering-bats,' in allusion to their wings; but this also is not really descriptive, for the wings are skinny and not leathery in texture.

The wing of a bat is a most wonderful instance of adaptation to a special end, for it is nothing but a greatly modified fore-limb or hand. If you spread out your hand and imagine the four fingers grown enormously long, while the thumb remains short and stumpy, and that the skin between the fingers has also been stretched until it extends from tip to tip of the fingers and on along the side of the body to join the hind foot, you will have a good idea of the structure of a bat's wing; it is simply a much exaggerated hand. The elongated bones serve, like the ribs of an umbrella, to keep the skin stretched and taut when the owner is in flight. When the bat alights, it doubles up its 'hands,' the skin falls into wrinkly folds, and using its thumb joints as forefeet, it is able to run about almost as quickly as a mouse. The skin of the wings not only joins the hind limbs, but extends from them to the tail, thus making the rudder with which the bat can steer when flying; and, when the tail is brought up beneath the body, forms a bag or receptacle which is of use to the owner; but of the manner in which this pouch, made by the interfemoral membrane, is used, I will say more presently.

Bats live entirely upon insects, eating great numbers, and any evening when it is warm enough for them to be out, one can watch them at the work. About fifteen to twenty minutes before sunset the first bats will appear. They arrive mysteriously; you do not see them come, but suddenly they are there. The air is full of them; how they flitter, flutter, dash, and turn,

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until in the failing light it makes one perfectly giddy trying to keep one's eyes on the little gray forms that appear and disappear, whirling round your head, vanishing into the shadows, darting out again, rustling past with beating wings, again to disappear among trees and bushes. But as the dusk deepens into night, as it becomes more and more difficult to see, when only ghostlike white moths are visible in the gloom, when the brown owl's hoot rings startingly loud in the dark, it will dawn upon you that the rustling wings are gone, that the high-pitched squeaks are no longer to be heard — in short, the bats have vanished! The explanation is that the majority of bats do not keep on the wing all night, but fly only for a short time at sundown and at dawn, spending the night in their snug homes, generally a crevice in an old building or a hole in a tree. During their short flight they gorge themselves with insects, then rest until sunrise, when they have another good meal. To see the flight at daybreak, you must be up early, as they are home again as soon as the light gets strong. The tiny pipistrelle, which does not keep such regular hours as its bigger relatives, sometimes hunts all night. The long-eared bat, too, does not always retire after the evening flight, though the majority go home.

Next to the pipistrelle the long-eared bat, *Plecotus auritus*, is, in most parts of the country, the commonest species. In appearance it is certainly one of the most striking, having wonderful ears of great length, to which it owes its name. They are nearly as long as its body, and distinguish it from all our other British bats. When the bat is sleeping, these great ears are curled up and tucked away under its wings, only a piece of skin or membrane, which looks just like a second ear, remaining on view. This false ear is so like a proper one that the bat looks as if it had a second pair. As soon as the bat is aroused, the real ears are brought forward and uncurled. They are most wonderfully sensitive, delicate organs, contracting and withdrawing, then being extended again, something after the manner of a snail's tentacles. For instance, if you put your hand near one of these bats, it will, even though it has not seen you, at once draw away its ear on that side. I am inclined to think that a row of stiff hairs along the margin may be in some manner sensory. At any rate the great ears appear to help the bat thread its way among the trees which are its favorite hunting grounds.

On the wing the long-eared bat may be distinguished as a medium-sized creature, looking rather grayish in the twilight, and flying in and out among the foliage in a wonderful way. It is not so noisy as some bats, the pipistrelles keeping up an incessant squeaking while on the wing. Bats squeak with such a high-pitched note that some people cannot hear them at all! To one person the evening is full of little voices, to the next it is quite silent. Though the long-eared bat may not be so talkative as some, it can squeak angrily enough if touched, as I noted when thirteen of these bats were brought to me one day. They had been found in a barn hidden singly, with two exceptions, under the rafters. This was in mid-October, a time of year when bats are seeking their winter quarters. Some species congregate for the purpose of hibernation, as, for instance, the noctule, but the long-eared bat prefers separate quarters. The majority of these bats were released as soon as I had taken a photograph of them, but one was kept for a few days in order to learn some-

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thing of its ways. Now bats are the most difficult of creatures to keep alive for any length of time in captivity. They will eat only freshly killed insects, and even these not too readily, for they are accustomed to taking and eating their prey when on the wing, and hardly understand how to deal with flies when offered to them on the ground.

I referred before to the interfemoral membrane, or pouch formed by the skin between the hind legs and tail; it is this which enables bats to deal so readily on the wing with all the flies that they capture. When watching a bat dash along after insects, you may see it suddenly drop several feet through the air, recover itself, fly on, and repeat the performance. This happens whenever it catches a fly. By watching very carefully you may get some idea of what is taking place; you will see that the bat's head goes down under its body each time, and that it is using the pouch formed by the membrane between the legs to prevent its prey escaping. Now the long-eared bat that I kept to study had hitherto caught and pouched all its insects in the manner described. It had almost certainly never before attempted to eat when on foot; so that when at last I persuaded it to take a 'green-bottle' fly, it bobbed its head down and tried to pouch it in the orthodox manner. It nearly fell over backward, but recovered itself and chewed the fly up, or rather ate the thorax and abdomen, rejecting the wings and legs. At this first meal it took no less than fifteen flies, in nearly all cases dropping the wings and legs. The next day 'Jimmie,' as I had named him, had an even better appetite, disposing of over fifty flies! He grabbed them all greedily, spreading out his wings and making great efforts to pouch them in the proper manner, with the result that he several times fell over on his back in his effort to do the correct thing. He would grab the fly, drop it into the pouch, and there get a fresh and better hold of it, after which he would eat it in the ordinary manner. He was a sensible little creature, for in a very short time he not only gave up squeaking when touched, but found out that I supplied the food and would run toward me for flies. He came several inches for them, but I could not be sure whether he saw or smelled them. The old proverb, 'blind as a bat,' is, of course, very wide of the mark, for all bats have sharp little eyes; but they certainly seem to depend on their exceedingly keen noses in locating food.

Jimmie was the daintiest of small creatures, being clad in soft and very silky gray fur, which he dressed and kept in order by means of a tiny pink tongue. He had a small, somewhat tip-tilted nose, and, as I have said, a pair of keen little eyes. His face had none of that blunt bulldog look characteristic of the pipistrelle, and still more of the noctule. Of course, the great feature of his appearance was that wonderful pair of ears, which in his waking moments were never still. They were fascinating to watch, so delicate and so sensitive, the skin so transparent that every vein could be seen. They are quite different from the ears of our other native bats. Those of the pipistrelle, for instance, are short and stumpy, and, as I have just said, the latter has a more bull-dog expression of face; nevertheless, it, too, is a charming wee creature. It is very small; though when on the wing it appears bigger than it really is, yet on handling it you find that it is a mere scrap of fur and skinny wings. If placed in the balance with a pigmy shrew, that atom of an animal would almost certainly weigh it down.

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I became very fond of a pipistrelle that I kept for some time. It was found hidden behind a shutter, being cold and unconscious at the time, which was the middle of October, when bats begin to hibernate. It soon began to move, and it was not long before it was awake and lively. Though some people call bats repulsive creatures, anyone who had watched this bat would soon have changed his opinion. Its movements were quick; it would run like a mouse, and could scuttle backward almost as easily as forward, especially when climbing up anything, when it always shuffled up tail first. Of course a bat prefers to rest head downward, hitching itself up by its hind feet, folding its wings to its sides, and sleeping soundly in what to us looks an extremely uncomfortable attitude. This pipistrelle was clad in silky brown fur, which was beautifully soft to the touch, but it very much resented being stroked, squeaking vigorously, and continuing to do so long after the offending hand had been withdrawn. As it was so annoyed at being touched, I left it alone, and it soon made itself at home in a corner of the cage and went to sleep again.

Most bats hibernate from autumn to spring without a break, remaining cold and unconscious in their hiding places throughout the winter; but the slumber of the pipistrelle is not so sound, and a rise in the temperature will at once rouse it. I have seen these bats on the wing on mild evenings, even in midwinter. In 1917 I saw pipistrelles out hunting on November 15, 16, January 18, 22, and 25. Like all animals which hibernate for considerable periods, bats lay up subsistence in the form of internal fat. By the spring it is used up, and they are then quite thin.

My little pipistrelle slept for three days, when, the weather getting warmer, it became lively. I made a collection of flies, spiders, woodlice, and other small 'fry,' and tried to feed it. It seemed shy and nervous, but snapped at a big bluebottle and munched it up with great relish, though stopping to listen to every movement and sound. It would not touch the spiders or the woodlice, and I afterwards found that it did not like either, eating only flies with any relish. The next evening it was again wide awake, and seemed less nervous, taking flies readily from my fingers. It would eat only fresh ones, those that had been killed the day before being refused. The third day it was still tamer, eating happily while sitting on my hand, and no longer squeaked when touched, or opened its little mouth to show its teeth in defiance, as it had done at first. Instead, it sat on my hand, eating all the flies it could get, and when it could n't get any, giving me nips with its tiny teeth. It often made bad shots when I was giving it flies, and seized my finger by mistake; or, having dropped a fly, nipped me when trying to find it, giving quite a pinch, though its minute teeth were far too small to make any mark, let alone break the skin. It had a good appetite, one meal consisting of twelve house-flies, two bluebottles, one drone-fly, and a large gnat. The drone-fly gave it the most trouble, for it was really too big for it. First it chewed its head off and dropped the body, then it ate the thorax, letting the abdomen fall, but finished it up when it was recovered. It seemed to smell rather than see the whereabouts of the flies, and no doubt it was their scent on my hands that made the little bat make mistakes and nip my fingers. Of course it could not hurt; indeed, we have no British bat which is capable of doing any real harm. The noctule has a fair set of

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teeth with which it can give a good pinch, but it bites only in self-defense, and is a most harmless creature. All our bats are defenseless little things, and how some of the tales concerning them have ever originated, I cannot imagine. For instance, it is widely believed that bats like to get entangled in girls' hair, and that once one has done so, the hair must be cut off to git rid of it! What can give rise to such idle superstitions?

As the days went by and the pipistrelle continued well and lively, its appetite getting better and better, I became quite hopeful of keeping it through the winter and being able to let it go in the spring. Insects were now (early November) scarce out-of-doors, but as yet there were plenty of flies in an attic window. The bat made nothing of twenty or thirty of these at a meal, and one evening disposed of no less than fifty. They were chiefly house-flies and 'greenbottles.' After this meal the bat had a decidedly sleepy and full-fed look. It got more and more difficult to keep up the fly supply, especially when required at this rate; and as the days went by and it showed no sign of wishing to hibernate, the commissariat department had serious difficulties to contend with. Windows were searched for hidden flies, dusty corners behind shutters explored with interest, and the attic, mentioned before, was ransacked from end to end. Its window, at first thought to furnish an inexhaustible supply, proved to be no more infinite in its resources than any other earthly thing! Substitutes the pipistrelle would have nothing of; it turned up its wee nose at morsels of meat, spiders were rejected with disgust, and it was a case of flies — or nothing! However, it at last hung itself up by its hind feet in a corner of the cage, and when first one day and then another passed without its coming down, I congratulated myself that at last it was hibernating properly. After a few days something roused my suspicions, I touched the little form, and found it cold with a chilliness which was not merely that of the lowered temperature of the winter sleep — the poor little bat was dead.

Bats vary in their habits a good deal according to the time of year: some, like the long-eared bat, hibernate in separate quarters, others congregate in great numbers for the purpose. Perhaps one of the most sociable bats is the noctule, which is seldom found alone, and often lives in considerable companies numbering many hundreds. They are restless creatures, squeaking and snapping and crawling one over the other in their retreat. A party of four, a male and three females, betrayed their hiding-place to me by having a midday quarrel. I was passing under a willow tree when from high overhead came a shrill squeaking. There were two or three holes in the tree which had at some time or other been made by a woodpecker, and when I got up to them the peculiar musty smell of one proclaimed it the home of a party of noctules.

The noctule is snub-nosed and grim-looking, but the whiskered bat, *Myotis mystacinus*, is more like a long-eared bat minus the great ears. The whiskered bat is a fairly common species, but on the wing is often mistaken for the pipistrelle, for it is about the same size and has the same feeble flight. Natterer's, or the gray bat, *M. nattereri*, is an allied species which is far less numerous, while *M. bechsteini*, another relative, is rare. An uncommom bat is the barbastelle, *B. barbastellus*, which has peculiar ears which join across its forehead. But however peculiar it may look, it is nothing to the horseshoe bats,— generally found in

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limestone districts where there are plenty of caves, — which have the strangest appendages on their noses. These nose-leafs look like little horseshoes placed before their faces, hence the name. The two species *Rhinolophus ferrumequinum* and *R. hipposideros*, respectively, the greater and lesser horseshoe bats, differ much in size, the former being as big as a noctule and flying with the same swift, strong flight. Other British varieties are *Vespertilio serotinus*, the serotine, a rare species; Leisler's bat, *Nyctalus leisleri*, which is a medium-sized bat that lives in holes in trees, is allied to the noctule, and is rather an uncommon species; and that water-loving bat known as Daubenton's, or *M. daubentoni*, which is generally seen skimming low over the surface of pools and streams.

Water has a great attraction for bats, no doubt, on account of the insects which congregate over it, but also for its own sake. They will turn and twist and swoop over it like swallows, and like the birds dip down every now and again, splashing into the water and making rings on its surface. In this manner they drink, for it is their only way of obtaining liquid. It is a pretty sight to watch bats thus engaged, and I shall never forget the summer evening when I was fishing on some large pools that lay in a wooded valley. Just as the light began to fade, numbers of swifts came and hawked for insects over the ponds, and it was extraordinary how loud the rushing of their wings sounded on the still air. Their flying was a marvel to watch. The 'edge of night' approached, and noctules appeared among them, swooping and turning in dizzy evolutions that put even the swifts to shame. It grew a little darker, and the birds were gone and only bats were left. This was about 10.30 P.M. ('summer time,' not Greenwich time). There were hundreds of them dashing to and fro in splendid style. As the shadows deepened over the pool, other bats came out. A number of swift-flying ones, which were almost certainly Daubenton's, skimmed low over the surface of the water. Near the shore little 'flitter-mice' fluttered up and down, and long-eared bats slipped in and out around the trees that overhung the water. But the flight did not last long; by 10.55 the noctules were getting less, and in a little while all had gone, leaving only a memory of the pool in the twilight, backed with the shadowy purple woods, reflecting the crimson sunset-dyed sky, with first the hosts of swifts and then of bats turning and wheeling against it.

Before closing this article some mention must be made of their young; how the mother bat is inseparable from her baby (or it may be babies, for sometimes there are two), which clings to her, and until it is some weeks old, never lets go. Clutching to its mother, it goes wherever she goes. Very wee, naked, and pink at first, it grows and develops a woolly coat at a surprising pace, but in the meantime is snug and warm under the old one's wing. Some people do not realize that bats are mammals, that is, suckle their young; but, nevertheless, this is so; they are as much mammals as the other animals we have around us.

In conclusion, I would beg anyone who may still entertain some feeling of horror and repulsion to these harmless little creatures to put prejudice on one side, and carefully examine the next bat that accident may throw in his or her path, when I think the verdict will agree with mine — namely, that bats are as fascinating and interesting as any of the wild creatures which we have in this country.

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THE ECONOMIC FAILURE OF BOLSHEVISM

THE world has been made familiar with the criminal excesses of Bolshevism. The wholesale massacres, outrages, and confiscations perpetrated in the name of popular liberty have been admitted and regretted even by those who would defend the soviet system. The tyranny and atrocities, however, are sometimes condoned as an inevitable phase of every national revolution. Like wars, they say, revolutions cannot be made with rose-water: give the movement time to run its course before condemning it. These advocates affect to see a great economic revelation being evolved from the black cloud of misrule and misery which has enveloped Russia. In short, they claim that Bolshevism is sound in principle, and that the successful working of the system has been deliberately obscured by highly colored reports of incidental barbarities.

This line of argument has had a measure of success only by reason of the lack of knowledge of what are the real conditions under which the masses of the Russian people have been living. Food shortage, bordering on destitution, has been known to exist, but responsibility would not necessarily attach to the new autocrats. For the rest, authentic information has been either wanting or conflicting. Hence the highest importance attaches to a trustworthy, first-hand account of what Bolshevism as an economic system has achieved after a trial of nearly two years. Evidence of this is now forthcoming in a pamphlet* written by Mr. W. Daniel, an Englishman in charge of a Russian cotton mill, who went through all the stages of the revolution and has set down his experiences without a trace of malice, and indeed with an enviable sense of humor. The pamphlet should be read by everyone opposed to the grotesque and suicidal anarchy which is threatening civilization. Bolshevism need not be judged by its atrocities: it stands condemned by its political and social failure.

Only as a destructive force can Bolshevism be said to have secured any results. Certainly it would be difficult to conceive any other system which would have so swiftly dislocated and paralyzed the whole communal machinery of a great country. Nothing is left, least of all liberty. Trade, banking, transport, and communication have been brought to a standstill. Pillage is the one industry which can be said to show any vitality. Corruption is more rampant than under the old bureaucracy. Greedy and criminal adventurers, mainly composed of the worst type of Jews, have usurped the functions of government and levy blackmail on all who are suspected of still possessing negotiable assets. The banks were the first institutions to be taken over, the staffs being dismissed or imprisoned, and their places being taken by men who did not even know the uses of a check. All deposits were appropriated, and the businesses which were still permitted to exist had to render voluminous statements as to financial position, current expenses, and transactions in hand before a remittance would be granted. Thus months

* *Russia: 1918. Bolshevism in Practice.* Stockport: Connell and Bailey. 1s.

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would be occupied with filling up forms, attending committees, receiving domiciliary visits, and revealing the most confidential business secrets in order to get a check through. Here is what Mr. Daniel has to say on this subject:

> Later, banks again began to collect checks and place these sums to your credit, the individuals in charge having come to a better knowledge of the subject by this time; commissions amounting to large sums were charged, however, for this service, although all the banks were now known as branches of the state bank. A sum beyond the small allowance to private individuals could be obtained from bank officials by the simple expedient of giving fifty per cent of the amount required to that official. Also a sum of 5,000 rubles was sufficient to have a sum much larger written in your pass book where no sum had been paid at all.

Mr. Daniel suffered the general experience of having all his securities confiscated, but subsequently received a visit from 'a Jewish commissary who was in charge of that particular bank.' This functionary put the following propositions to him: '1. To sell me back all confiscated share certificates at ten per cent of their nominal value. 2. To sell me all share certificates in a hitherto unopened safe at five per cent of their nominal value. 3. For 2,000 rubles to prevent this second safe being opened at all.' Needless to say, he did not accept.

An institution which has appealed to labor extremists in this country is the Soviet of the People's Property, which, as the name implies, is an organization ostensibly designed to strip property owners of all they possess and to hold it in trust for the 'proletariat.' To the Works Committee, appointed in every factory, was added a Control Committee whose duty it was to keep the keys of office safes, put their signatures to such orders as met with their approval, or reject others. Orders not endorsed in this way could not be executed, and were returned to the business issuing them. The consequent delays were interminable. Ignorant workmen sat in judgment upon the action of experienced managers and laid down their commands against which there was no appeal. The result was the closing down of the works in a few weeks, except in cases like that of Mr. Daniel, where the employees recognizing their own incapacity entered into an agreement with him to delude the authorities and leave the control in the only competent hands. Mr. Daniel was one of the few fortunates in not having any firebrands among his workers. He says, 'They showed a most reasonable attitude, and expressed the opinion that they saw no reason why a change should be necessary, as in their opinion I was more capable of running the show to their own advantage than they would be themselves, and this attitude was reinforced by my reminder of a very unpleasant financial outlook. . . . I promoted them all then and there to be the Control Committee in name, their functions to be as before, for, as they said, if something of the sort were not done a commissary would be sent to control them and us. The necessary rubber stamps were ordered to give the affair a proper aspect, but the committee now protested loudly, not against their functions being restricted, but against having to take part in these proceedings at all.'

There is strong evidence to support Mr. Daniel's suspicion that the final beneficiary of all these inquisitorial methods was Germany. The smallest detail concerning a business and its operations had to be furnished to headquarters — date of all buildings, number and dimensions of rooms, list of machines, and the productive power of each over a number of years; also

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engine and boiler particulars and average consumption of fuel; wages paid for every class of work; contracts in hand and price and quantities of material required. These formalities had to be complied with every week. 'It practically amounted to a separate staff having to be maintained to satisfy the ravenous desire for information by this and other departments; the others including similar statistical particulars demanded by the Ministry of Labor which had become entirely subservient to the Soviet of the People's Property; also fortnightly returns of all wages paid had to be dispatched to the work-people's insurance bureau, and the fortnightly tale of financial status to the so-called "financial-control" office.' Lest it should be supposed that any of these burdens produced a beneficial result, it may be stated that a month's pay was the maximum granted by the state insurance for permanent disablement.

Nor is all this negation of personal freedom restricted to industrial matters. Politically the enslavement of the people is as complete. The National Assembly, as the choice of free Russia, is a fraud. 'Elections, of a sort, were held in due course under conditions laid down by the new powers, placing all manner of restrictions on electors and elected alike, so that a great proportion of the population went on strike, in the sense that they refused to vote one way or the other. None the less, the result of the elections did not apparently give satisfaction to those in control, and in any case there was no intention to allow so much as one member of another party to raise his voice in the affairs of the future of the nation. Hence, as we all know, the futile attempt of the few who eventually assembled in Petrograd to meet for a discussion of the situation.'

Looked at from any standpoint, Bolshevism is seen to be a futile tyranny which can only exercise authority over a cowed, famished, and prostrate people. It is detested by all who are subjected to it and are held in check by the primitive lure of food. Bolshevism will end like a bad dream as soon as some adequate counter-force arises to oppose it. At present, as Mr. Daniel says, there are 'but the ashes of a great nation. Russia has again to be reborn from amidst these ruins, and in this great task the British nation will no doubt bear an honorable part in nursing the infant republic to maturity.'

The Outlook

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

THE latest epidemic of influenza has caused men to search for strange specifics and remedies at other times unthought of. There have appeared in the press many proposals as to how the spread of the disease should be hindered, and, finally, a suggestion that a power to whose nature the public at other times shows a somewhat marked indifference, research, should be called in to determine the nature of the malady and a sure cure. None of the papers that we have chanced to see gave its readers any idea as to the nature of the research which it demanded, or as to what body or individuals were to undertake it, or who would pay for it. For them, apparently, research was a kind of quinine, a substance of complicated and uninteresting structure for which, in the ordinary way, the Englishman had no need, but of which there must be a store lying about somewhere, to be drawn on in cases of emergency.

There is, however, a great danger in this way of looking at things. If scien-

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tific research — that is, a critical study of natural processes undertaken to obtain deeper insight into the principles which govern them — is to be regarded merely as a method of obtaining results which may alleviate the disease of the moment, or may cheapen or facilitate some manufacturing process — if the immediate achievement of some such end is to be made the criterion by which researches are to be valued and encouraged, then by far the greater and more valuable class of researches will be left to look after itself, which it is ill able to do. There should be some realization of the double importance of researches undertaken by scientists of ability in order to extend the bounds of knowledge, and not to gain information of *demonstrated and obvious* practical value. The desirability of knowledge for its own sake is a cardinal principle with most educated men (but not, alas! with such people as Cabinet Ministers and popular journalists; men who hold Edison for a model of what a scientist should be), and on this ground alone, investigations in pure science are worthy of support, but they have a more direct and material claim. It is the knowledge won in the laboratory and study by the student of natural philosophy (to use the dignified old term for pure science) that the inventor and technical scientist applies in his work; all electrical machines and devices are based on principles won in pursuit of no practical end, and it is to the discovery of fresh principles that advances in applied science are ultimately to be traced. These things are best made clear in an example, and the evolution of wireless telegraphy furnishes an excellent illustration of the way in which inquiry, philosophic rather than practical in its spirit, leads to results of the greatest material use to humanity.

The first link of the chain of thought which led to wireless telegraphy may be said to have been a purely philosophical difficulty felt by Faraday. When two electrically-charged bodies are suspended in a vacuum — that is, with no material substance between them — they attract (or repel) one another. How is the force conveyed from one body to the other? Many older physicists, or, as Faraday would have preferred to have called them, natural philosophers, found no difficulty in the conception of action at a distance: they were as content to take it as a fact as the gunner is to accept the propulsion of his shell by the cordite without inquiring as to the exact mechanism of explosion. In the matter of gravity, however, Newton had already found a difficulty in admitting that it should act across empty space without anything to carry the force; in his own words, 'that a body may act upon another at a distance through a vacuum and without the mediation of anything else, by and through which this action and force may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so great an absurdity, that I believe no man who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it. Gravity must be caused by an agent acting constantly, according to certain laws, but whether this agent be material or immaterial, I have left to the consideration of my readers.' This passage was familiar to Faraday, and the idea of action at a distance between electrified bodies vexed him in a similar way. To enable him to reason about the laws of this action, and plan fresh experimental investigations to elucidate these laws, he had to invent a mechanism which should give him a clear mental picture of what was happening. He imagined that surrounding the bodies was an immaterial medium, the ether, which was set in a state of strain by the electrified state of the bodies; be-

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tween them in this ether stretched 'tubes of force,' which were in a state of tension and, tending to shorten, tried to bring the bodies together. All electrical phenomena involving an ac tion across a space ordinarily called empty he completed in his mind in terms of this ether and the stresses set up in it. Thus, consider the case of an electrical condenser — that is, two parallel plates of metal not connected by any conductor. When this is charged a certain amount of electricity runs into one plate and out of the other, but the current cannot flow from one plate to the other, so that, on the older theories, the circuit was incomplete. Faraday imagined that the ether between the plates was put into a state of strain, the setting up of this strain being a 'displacement current' in the ether. When the condenser is discharged, the ether returns to its unstrained state. The straining of the ether can be considered analogous to the extending and holding fast of a spring; when the spring is released it shortens, and gives up its energy, just as when the condenser is discharged it gives up its electrical energy. But it is well known that when a spring is released it swings backward and forward in prolonged vibration before it returns to its position of rest. How does the condenser behave in this respect? Experiment has shown that the analogy holds; in general the electricity swings from one plate to the other, at any instant one plate being positively charged, and the other negatively, the state of each plate alternating. An electrical oscillation is set up; the whole discharge occupies only a fraction of a second, so that the detection of the oscillation is a matter of refined experiment, but it has been established beyond all doubt.

Faraday's theory was taken up by another man who devoted his life to pure science, James Clerk Maxwell, who gave to it a definite mathematical form. He followed to their logical conclusions equations expressing Faraday's assumptions, and showed that if indeed the ether carried stresses of the kind imagined by Faraday, then it must be able to convey waves of electric and magnetic force, just as an ordinary solid conveys sound-waves. A general idea (which must not be pressed too far) of the process can be obtained by considering the ether as an elastic substance, like a block of india rubber, filling all space. If charging two near bodies does indeed set up a strain in this ether, then the sudden release of this strain must set the ether between the bodies vibrating like a released spring, and this vibration will spread out in all directions from the neighborhood of the bodies through the elastic medium just as a ripple spreads from the disturbance caused by dropping a stone into a pond. Clerk Maxwell was able to calculate what would be the velocity of such an electro-magnetic wave in space, and found a value approximately the known velocity of light. Light had long been supposed to be a vibration of the ether, this medium being assumed in order to provide a seat for the energy of light vibrations on their way hither from the sun. Hence, Maxwell supposed that light was of the nature of an electric disturbance (or rather an electro-magnetic disturbance, since Faraday had shown that a change of electric force was always accompanied by a change of magnetic force, and *vice versa*), a supposition known as the electro-magnetic theory of light. An actual propagation of an electric disturbance from a discharge of electrified bodies had, however, so far never been demonstrated.

The next link in the chain was provided by Heinrich Hertz. A disciple

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of Maxwell, he set himself to produce an experimental confirmation of his theory. The discharge of strongly electrified bodies, such as on Maxwell's theory should lead to electric waves, is, under ordinary circumstances, accompanied by a spark. Hertz set up, in the special form known as a Hertzian oscillator, apparatus for the production of a spark, and succeeded in producing, consequent on a spark in this circuit, a spark in a second circuit, or resonator, not connected to the oscillator, and in showing that this was due to an electro-magnetic disturbance passing out from his spark. He demonstrated the wave nature of this disturbance and, further, was able to bend the path of his waves with a huge prism of pitch, just as light waves are bent by a prism of glass, and to demonstrate that in many other ways they behaved, though invisible, as light waves. In short, Hertz produced a source and a detector of electro-magnetic waves, and he succeeded in showing their passage across a large room. Wireless telegraphy within this limited space had been achieved.

It was reserved for Marconi, by devising new forms of radiator and detector, to make it possible to employ electric waves for signaling across distances large enough to give to wireless telegraphy the practical importance which it has to-day. His work showed the utmost ability and ingenuity, and it is with no desire to detract that it is emphasized that his task was merely to improve what had already been achieved in the laboratory by the labors of men who were striving to satisfy an intellectual thirst, to obtain information as to the nature of the forces displayed in electricity and light, and to confirm theories born of long trains of thought followed with no object of the kind usually called practical.

It is often put forward as an excuse for starving science and its devotees that, since such men as Faraday will be impelled to carry out their labors, however unfavorable conditions may be, it is a waste of money to reward them. Quite apart from the meanness of this attitude, and the somewhat humiliating thoughts aroused by the fact that the only material reward an English scientist is likely to receive for any great achievement is a small prize from the French Academy or a large prize from the Swedish Nobel Fund, it cannot be too often insisted that science is not advanced by the unaided efforts of a Faraday appearing once a century. Such men crystallize the scientific thought of their time, and put the labors of many into an ordered scheme; they look for support of their theories not only to their own work, but also to the experiments of many other comparatively undistinguished men who fasten upon particular points for proof or disproof. It should be recognized that, apart from the fact that to a great nation a certain encouragement of intellectual activity should be a source of pride, pure science is at the basis of all industrial research, and furnishes its motive power. It is as short-sighted a policy to encourage applied science and to neglect pure science as to devote every care to providing a ship with powerful engines and to forget to furnish her with fuel.

The New Statesman

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TALK OF EUROPE

THE London première of an entirely new Russian ballet, *La Boutique Fantasque* was a huge success. The following review of the spectacle comes from the *Telegraph:*

'Not only as an addition to the many-sided repertory of the Russian ballet — it was actually the first performance on any stage — the production at the Alhambra of *La Boutique Fantasque* possessed a very special interest. For here we had a brand new ballet, with music by Rossini. The very thought of it piqued curiosity. That Mr. Diagilev should have pressed Rossini into the service of his wonderful dancers is no more strange, of course, than that he should have set them dancing and miming to strains of Chopin, Schumann, Rimsky-Korsakov, and many another dead and gone composer. But in this particular instance there was a difference, for the score of the new ballet was to bring nothing — if we except one single fragment — familiar to the ears even of those who know their Rossini intimately. How this seeming paradox came about has already been explained at length in these columns, and there is no necessity to set forth again how, for the purposes of *La Boutique Fantasque*, a pasticcio was fashioned of a number of little pieces written by the composer of *William Tell* after his public career had ended, and performed on various occasions for the entertainment of his guests at Passy.

'So much by way of preliminary. As for the ballet, it proved yet another adventure in the realms of the fantastic and the grotesque — the product in decorative design and choregraphic movement of André Derain and Leonide Massine — and as jolly a piece of fun and fantasy as you could hope to see. There was nothing to speak about or worry over in the way of a "plot" — merely a toy-shop frolic, with the quaintest and drollest of animated dolls in a bizarre Second Empire setting, the quaintest and drollest of customers in fashions that made one really fall in love with a style of dress that might well seem unlovely to the eyes of our generation, and all — dolls and their would-be purchasers in turn — cutting the oddest and wildest capers, though grace and fantasy were never far apart. And it all ended in the maddest revel, a riot of well-ordered movement, in which everybody seemed to be chasing somebody, until the curtain came down to a chorus of cheering.

'And what of the Rossinian trifles, as very deftly tricked out for the orchestra by the Italian composer — a disciple of modernity in his own works — Ottorino Respighi? Well, the music all sounds as much unlike the Rossini of *Tell, The Barber*, and the rest, as anything one could well imagine. It is Rossini in a vein of sheer playfulness, making merry now in one manner — the manner, say, of Chopin, as in one little waltz — now in another. There is a *Capriccio Offenbachique* — not strikingly Offenbachian, it is true — which serves for an irresistibly gay Can-Can, with a dissonance incidentally for the trumpets which was clearly Rossini making fun of something or someone. And, as a contrast to the wild riot of that Can-Can — danced by Mme. Lopokova and M. Massine with a wonderful sense of the *joie de vivre* — a charming little andante as graceful in its artless way as the ballet (in red and white) which comes later. The curious thing about it all is the comparative modernity of these mostly gay, unaffected tunes. Not modern are they, of course, as we apply the term to Ravel or Stravinsky, but in the sense that they sound much more like the kind of stuff a simple maker of ballet rhythms could have written now — or let us say a few years ago — than anything one would have expected from Rossini.

'The whole performance went with exhilarating spirit and snap, and, in addition to the two rarely-gifted artists referred to in passing, one should mention the inimitable dancing poodles of Madame Vera Clark and Mr. Kremneff, and the extraordinarily droll antics of Mr. Idzikovsky as a

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peculiarly animated "snob." All London will be talking about *La Boutique Fantasque*'

WHILE the task of reconstruction is proceeding along the 380 miles of the French front, a special commission appointed by the French Government has selected a number of famous sites, which are to be preserved in their present state as monuments of the great war. These sites, numbering about 140, will be found, says Reuter's Agency, all the way from La Bassée to Upper Alsace. It was obviously impossible to preserve every point of interest in the state in which it was left on Armistice Day, but care has been taken to select a large variety of points of interest, such as famous battlefields, deep dugouts, long underground galleries, ruins, pill-boxes, observation points, etc. Several of the forts of Verdun will be kept in their present state. The extensive shelters carved in the rock on the wooded heights of the Vosges will be perserved, as well as famous entrenchments on both sides of the Meuse, in the Champagne, and in the Soissons and Noyon areas.

In what used to be the British sector the following sites will remain: the Butte de Warlencourt, the ruins of Bapaume, some of the destroyed monuments of Péronne, several castles and estates in a complete state of devastation, such as the Château of Thiepval, the underground maze of Combles, the 'tanks' churchyard' at Pozières, the 'King's observation point' on Hill 80, near Givenchy, the Givenchy battlefield, and the famous slag-heap and 'Tower Bridge' at Loos. It is understood that as soon as the present restrictions on traveling are removed it will be possible for the general public to visit these places hallowed by the heroism and sacrifice of the Allied armies.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Mr. Liang Chi-Chao is a distinguished Chinese scholar and statesman, who has served as Minister of Finance in the government of China.

* * *

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, novelist, editor, compiler of *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, is Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

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G. D. H. Cole is the preëminent British authority on Guild Socialism, and is the author of several well-known books about the movement.

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Dr. J. F. Muirhead's cosmopolitan experiences as the editor of the English edition of Baedeker's *Guides* particularly fits him for writing about his countrymen with a certain disinterestedness. Dr. Muirhead is now associated with the *Blue Guides*.

* * *

Havelock Ellis, scientist, student of scientific philosophy, and writer of books, has long held an honorable place at the head of British students of scientific and psychological problems.

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Lennox Robinson, an Irish dramatist of distinction, has just written a new play, *The Lost Leader*, which deals with the fortunes of Parnell. It will shortly be reviewed in THE LIVING AGE.

* * *

Benjamin Vallotton is a Swiss publicist,

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AN EARTH-GODDESS

(After the Advance, 1917)

You are not the august Mother,
Nor even one of her comely daughters,
But you gave shelter to men,
Hid birds and little beasts within your hands,
And twined flowers in your hair.

Sister, you have been sick of a long fever,
You have been torn with throes
Fiercer than childbirth and yet barren;
You are plague-marked;
There are now no flowers in your hair.

I have seen your anguish, O Sister,
I have seen your wounds.
But now there is come upon you peace,
A peace unbroken, profound,
Such as came upon the mother of King Eteocles
When both her sons were dead.
For in your agony, Sister,
You remembered the wide kindness of our mother,
And gave shelter to each of them that rent you,
Shielded them from death with your delicate body,
And received their clotted corpses into your once pure breast.

And now since you endured,
Since for all your wrong and bitter pain
There came no hatred upon you,
But only pity and anguish
Such as the mother of King Eteocles felt
Gazing upon her two angry sons —
Because of this, your peace is wonderful.

Underfoot are a few scant grasses
Amid rusty ruin;
Overhead the last of your larks
Cries shrilly before the broken clouds;
And for your sake, O my Sister,
O daughter of our great Earth-Mother,
Because of your old pain
And long-suffering and sweetness,
Because of the new peace
Which lies so deep upon you,
The chains of my bitterness are broken
The weight of my despair leaves me.

The Anglo-French Review

IN THE TRENCHES

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

Not that we are weary,
Not that we fear,
Not that we are lonely
Though never alone —
Not these, not these destroy us;
But that each rush and crash
Of mortar and shell,
Each cruel bitter shriek of bullet
That tears the wind like a blade,
Each wound on the breast of earth,
Of Demeter, our Mother,
Wound us also,
Sever and rend the fine fabric
Of the wings of our frail souls,
Scatter into dust the bright wings
Of Psyche.

Impotent,
How impotent is all this clamor,
This destruction and contest . . . !

Night after night comes the moon
Haughty, and perfect;
Night after night the Pleiades sing
And Orion swings his belt across the sky.
Night after night the frost
Crumbles the hard earth.

Soon the spring will drop flowers
And patient creeping stalk and leaf
Along these barren lines
Where the huge rats scuttle
And the hawk shrieks to the carrion crow.

Can you stay them with your noise?
Then kill winter with your cannon,
Hold back Orion with your bayonets
And crush the spring leaf with your armies.

The Nation

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